

The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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HER FRIEND WAS WEARING THE LOST JEWEL.
An Unrehearsed Stage Quarrel Ends in Stabbing.

The Mirror of Life

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"THE MIRROR OF LIFE," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street,
London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUPPORTER (Blaina).—1. A wins. The con-
test did not last the full five rounds, a knock-out
deciding it before "Time" was called and the
fifth round completed. 2. Through a tele-
graphic error in a previous edition the contest
was made to read as having been concluded in
the sixth round; but that was incorrect.

JACK SMITH (Old Sodbury Tunnel, Gloucestershire).—Jas. J. Jeffries knocked out Bob
Fitzsimmons in 11rds, June 9, 1899, at Coney
Island, New York.

SAM O'HARA (S. Wales).—Prior to the blow on
the solar plexus or "mark," Jem Corbett in his
contest with Fitzsimmons was an easy winner
on points.

H. CARTER.—The three records have all been
broken.

G. L. O.—He had 551 mounts, 143 firsts, 114
seconds, 83 thirds, and 211 unplaced.

J. SMART.—The fastest time for the Derby is
2min 42sec.

DAN HARRINGTON.—Letter too long for publi-
cation.

W. GOWARD.—1. 39 rounds in 3hr 11min. 2. A
draw.

G. HOLLAND.—Throwing the 56lb from the
side with one hand, without run or follow,
27ft 9in, and with a run 36ft 7½in.

E. J. ROSE.—It would all go on Sea Flower.

F. C.—The head should be flat, not round.
Good judges will not breed from the latter.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—J. Howitt, of Norwich,
covered nine miles in 45min 21sec.

W. S. DALE.—Yes; Jack Black, 1750.

C. T. HAINES.—1. G. Towns beat James Wray.
2. Putney to Mortlake.

E. GARDNER.—No.

GEORGE KING.—1. 131½yd in 122-5sec by H.
Hutchins. 2. No, it was not a flying start.

A. HINTON.—At the Egyptian Hall, London.

F. MORGAN.—Penarth beat Swansea, 1900, by
seven goals to one.

G. NEWTON.—1. Sixteen miles in 2hr 19min
54sec. 2. An amateur.

S. G.—A gun licence is 10s per annum.

G. H. A.—1. It is illegal, being a gambling
transaction. 2. Would be liable.

R. BREWSTER.—The first Wednesday in June.

W. T. SMITH.—1. He won in seven rounds. 2.
At the N.S.C.

H. PENFOLD.—Sampson, with the aid of a
collar and yoke, raised 3,809lb at the Royal
Aquarium, Westminster.

A. O.—He was champion of England in 1792.

JOE EARL.—1. Frank Ernie is not an American.
2. He was born in Switzerland.

B. STOKC (Moolan, India).—1. W. G. George, on
August 23, 1886, at Lillie Bridge, Fulham, in his
match against Cummings, ran one mile in 4min
12sec. 2. At Lillie Bridge, on June 1, 1874, the
late Billy Perkins walked one mile in 6min
23sec. The above times are still records, not
having been beaten.

GEORGE BROWN (Dumbarton).—Jem Mace has
published a book on boxing. When writing
him you might ask the questions you mention.

F. TANCOCK (Newbury).—1. Certainly; but the
right hand is usually reserved for defence. 2.
Hurley and McCoy never boxed in London.

SISTER (Southampton).—Tom Lees, "ex-cham-
pion boxer of Australia," sent his address a short
time since to a sporting paper. It was some-
where in the neighbourhood of the York Road,
Waterloo Station. Should Tom Lees see this a
relation inquires.

A. J. F.—There are plenty of professors and
"asses in London.

(Several Answers crowded out.)

INTERNATIONAL GLOVE CONTEST.

JACK O'BRIEN,
OF PHILADELPHIA, AMERICA, V.
GEORGE CHRISP,
OF NEWCASTLE, ENGLAND.

BEN JORDAN'S MARRIAGE, AND BOXING GOSSIP THEREON.

AT Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, on Mon-
day evening last, there took place rather a
novel encounter. It is rather unusual in
the annals of the British Prize Ring for a
man weighing barely 11st to give another
a stone in weight and wager him £50 that
he does not stay ten rounds, and £75 to £50
against him lasting twenty rounds. This is
the present that Jack O'Brien, of America,
made to George Chrisp, of Newcastle, on
Monday evening last, and this gives one
the relative merits between English
and American boxing. George Chrisp is no
dunce. By his defeat of Ben Taylor, "the
coming heavy-weight champion," in such a
summary manner he became undoubtedly
the best man of his weight (12st) in
England; and yet on Monday night we
beheld a man barely eleven stone in weight
conceding the Englishman all the above
advantages. Jack O'Brien, since he came
to this country, has been by no means idle.
He landed some months since in London
without any manager, introduction, or friend,
and finding either the purses were not big
enough or the waiting for something to
turn up unsuitable to his liking in London,
he made tracks for Newcastle, where he
soon found a job, and was matched with
Harry Smith, of Birmingham. So easily
did Jack O'Brien defeat the Brum that
when Smith found an excuse for his defeat
of a recent recovery from illness the New-
castle cognoscenti thought Jack's victory a
mere fluke, and backed the worst man in
the world they could find against a quick
and clever man in the person of Jack
Thompson, of Newcastle. The contest
between O'Brien and Thompson had hardly
commenced before it was finished; O'Brien
by his superior dexterity and science quite
overcoming the old-fashioned notions of the
Novocastrian, and in a couple of rounds
Thompson was a beaten man. Fortunate
in his generation Jack O'Brien was not long
allowed to eat the bread of idleness. The
supporters of George Chrisp began to
nibble at the American; and a match was
made conditionally that if George Chrisp
was on his feet at the expiration of twenty
rounds the Newcastle man should
be declared the winner. These con-
ditions were afterwards modified as
above stated. Both contestants received
a big preparation. Chrisp at Cullercoats
and Jack O'Brien close to Morpeth, about
eighteen miles from Newcastle, from whence
in THE MIRROR OF LIFE a most graphic
account of his training appeared. Three
hundred pounds was a lot of money to give
for a purse for a match made under these
circumstances; but no doubt Jemmy Lowes,
the donor, thought to more than recon-
pense himself by the number who on Monday
night applied for admission to Ginnett's
Circus, where the contest took place.
That Jack O'Brien made a foolish match
as far as the ten rounds bet was concerned
was shown by George Chrisp's evasive
tactics. Chrisp might put his boxing out
with his washing as far as his contest with
Jack O'Brien was concerned. It was, as
we said in our last number, one trying to
get there and the other trying to avoid.
Nothing is more distressing than for
one man to have to hunt another
all over the ring, and no wonder
Jack O'Brien tired. Chrisp went through
the same tactics with Jack O'Brien as he
did with Jem Smith. He was determined
by hook or by crook to stand the ten rounds
and win the ten rounds bet. In this con-
test was to be remembered the superb
science of Jem Mace when he knocked out
Joe Goss in the sixteen foot ring. When
Joe found Jem was his master
he tried the evasive business, but
Jem Mace was such a perfect master of the
art of self-defence that he weaved Joe into
a corner, when, equally good with both
hands, he was prepared for Joe as he tried
to escape left or right, and eventually

knocked Joe out with the left. This is
what we call science. Chrisp's performance
was little more than buffoonery. O'Brien
had not only to contend against Chrisp's elu-
sive tricks, but also against the shouting
of the crowd on behalf of their "towny," who
shouted, as only pitmen can shout, when
Chrisp did anything of the most feeble kind.
However, Chrisp, by a series of subterfuges,
managed to stay the ten rounds when, as if
thoroughly exhausted by his efforts, he went
down from a jolt on the jaw one minute
later in the eleventh round. It was a sorry
exhibition of an English 12st boxer running
round the ring and avoiding the efforts of
an American eleven-stoner.

Master Benny Jordan is like the Indus-
trious Apprentice, who eventually marries
his master's daughter. Mr. Law, whose
daughter, Miss Law, Benny has recently
married, was the backer of Jordan in all
his principal contests, and was the adviser
of the "Bermondsey Boy" when the
latter invested his winnings in real estate.
We often become celebrities, not by any in-
trinsic merit in ourselves but by having
a dog, a horse, or house, which is a
celebrity. Now Mr. Law had the
latter. He was proprietor of one of
the most celebrated roadside taverns of
the century—the Brockley Jack—and
when the old house was pulled down and a
magnificent establishment erected upon the
site of the old inn, Mr. Law became a
wealthy man. Benny Jordan, with his
usual carefulness and foresight, has
married money, and, let us hope, good looks
and amiability. Ben Jordan is not the first
boxer who has married well. Nearly
sixteen years ago Charley Mitchell married
Victoria, the youngest daughter of "Pony"
Moore, Esq. Charley Mitchell, like Benny
Jordan, had also made his pile, for when it
was asserted that Charley had made an ex-
cellent match, the money being all
on one side, Mitchell wrote to remind
these people of the pile of dollars he had
made in America under the management of
Billy Madden, and how in his two en-
counters with Sullivan at Madison Square
Garden the money taken at the doors was
so excessive that it had to be taken to the
depository in barrow-loads. It is not
generally known that Charley Mitchell was
a pewterer, or bar-fitter, by trade, and
worked with his brother Bill at an estab-
lishment in Oxford Street. The late Jack
Burke was also in the licensed victuallers'
fitting business, Jack being a glass-blower
at Lambeth under his father, and
supplying licensed victuallers with glasses
and bottles on which the names of the pro-
prietors and signs of the public-houses
were attached. Jack Burke, who was then
no mean boxer, having won a German Gym.
competition as an amateur, besides being a
good sculler, used to call at the establish-
ment where Charley Mitchell and his
brother Bill worked for orders; and it was
through some shop talk that the match was
made twenty years ago this Ascot Meeting
to fight with bare knuckles. The contest
came off at the back of the Grand Stand,
and had it not been interrupted Jack
Burke had a fine winning chance, but
it was eventually declared a draw. This
was Charley's first step towards fame, the
competition among heavy-weights inaugu-
rated by Billy Madden at Chelsea Baths to
find out a boxer capable of beating the
then mighty Sullivan taking place some
time later. Billy, in his search after a
pro. in London capable of extending his
former protégé, must have been influenced by
some of the olden-timers then in the States,
who imagined that Maces, Wormalds, and
Baldwins, &c. grew in England as plentiful
as blackberries on autumnal bushes. Most
of the men who contended in this "heavy-
weight championship" would, after one
exhibition, never been allowed into the olden
time boxing-rooms, where boxing ability was
so pronounced that a lad had to be a
boxing genius to take champion rank.
Speaking of Mitchell's first real an-
tagonist, Jack Burke, he was an exemplifica-
tion of the old proverb, "care killed a cat."
Jack was always perfecting himself in the
way of muscularity, and the cycling tour,
the chill from which brought on his death,
was undertaken not that Jack was not well
and strong, but because he wanted to
become "weller" and stronger. No boxer
went through more dangers than the "Irish
lad." He travelled the four quarters of the
globe—Africa, America, India, and Aus-
tralia, meeting all-comers, and yet he came

home to die in peaceful England, not in
battle fray, but from a chill. Truly,
There is a Providence which does shape our
ends
Rough hew them as we may.

GEORGE CH ISP, OF NEWCASTLE,

Who Met "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien at
Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne,
on Monday Evening, May 20.

(With Portrait.)

GEORGE CHRISP was at one time the
feature of boxing at Newcastle, where he
was considered the best at his weight in the
provinces, and a match for any middle-
weight Londoner. He has beaten Jemmy
Lowes, Harry Downie, and Ted Reat.
Beat Joe Smith, 4rds; beaten by Jerry
Driscoll; beaten by Charlie Johnson, of
America; beat Jem Smith, 5rds; beat Jack
Howley, 6rds; beat E. W. Rollins ("Star-
light"), of Australia, 12rds; beat Jem
Richardson, 8rds; beaten by Frank W.
Craig (the "Coffee Cooler"), in 12rds;
knocked out Harry Smith in 14rds; beat
Ben Taylor, 8rds; met "Philadelphia"
Jack O'Brien at Ginnett's Circus, New-
castle, May 20, and was knocked out in
11rds.

LYNCHING IN THE SOUTHERN STATES OF AMERICA.

A Quick Trial and Speedy Despatch of the
Culprit.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE law as administered by Judge Lynch
is always short, sharp, and effective, and in
the Southern States of America it is no un-
common thing for the citizens who come
upon the culprit red-handed to immediately
try, and if found guilty, sometimes on very
slender evidence, quickly connect the un-
fortunate wretch to a rope, and swing him
into eternity, this being particularly the
case in which the niggers are found guilty
of assaulting white women, when, instead of
hanging the wretch, he is taken and bound
to a stake, and then slowly roasted to death,
a member of the injured family, or even the
woman herself, lighting the funeral pile.

MURDER AND SUICIDE IN ROME.

An Italian Shoots His Sweetheart in a Fit
of Jealousy, and Ends His Own Life.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ITALY at the present day is the hot bed
of crime, and murders are reported in
every newspaper. One of the most recent
and sensational took place on Saturday in
Rome. A young man named Carlo Chaffini
went to the home of his fiancée, and,
meeting the girl on the first floor, drew a
revolver and shot her in the left breast.
The girl tried to ascend the stairs, but fell
dead in her mother's arms. The assassin
then turned the weapon on himself, and the
bullet passed through his neck, and in less
than a minute he expired. The man was of
a very jealous disposition, and disliked to
see the girl receive any attention except
that bestowed by himself.

OUR LETTER BOX.

THE following letters are now lying at
THE MIRROR OF LIFE office, and will be
forwarded on receipt of stamped addressed
envelope:—

Mr. George C. Campbell.
"Spike" Robson.
Tom Burrows (Australia).
Willie Curley (Newcastle).
John Bell.
Frank Leon.
"Podlar" Palmer.
"Greek" George.
P. Earl.
Ernie Greaves.
Jim Corbett (New York).
Frank Craig (The "Coffee Cooler").
Jimmy Davies.
Bert Smith ("Irish Count").
Joe Gans (Baltimore) (two).
Billy Ross.
Bobby Dobbs (America).
George Stark.
P. I. Newell.
Bob Fitzsimmons (three) (New York).
H. Chance Newton.
Jim Holloway (South Africa).
Charles Connolly.
Jim Hall (Australia).
T. Naish.
Claude Thompson.

CARKEEK V. "THE COFFEE COOLER."
—A couple of weeks ago Jack Carkeek, the
King of Wrestlers, had his deft taken up by
Frank Craig, the "Coffee Cooler." Living
at Brighton, where Jack was drawing tre-
mendous houses, the black pitted his
strength against that of the champion. No
matter how strong a man may be, he is no
match for a wrestler without he knows the
ancient art. The "Cooler" put up a struggle,
but as soon as the champion of champions
began to work it was all over, and Craig
was beaten long before reaching the limit.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, May 11, 1901.

THE EDITOR MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

A letter from the Grand Rapids, Mich., Billy Madden writes that active preparations are going on regarding the proposed match between Jim Jeffries and Gus Ruhlin for the heavy-weight championship. Madden says: "Gus has been boxing here all this week, and is in good health. I have received word from the Twentieth Century Club managers that a date for the contest between Gus and Jim will be chosen within a week. I wrote to the matchmaker of the club to forward the articles of agreement and post a substantial forfeit with Al Smith. I have received an answer to my communication that this will be complied with at once. From what I understand the encounter will not be held before next July. Ruhlin is in great trim, and the work he does on the road with our show is a great help to him. He will do the bulk of his training at Bath Beach, or somewhere near there. Our schedule will prevent us from returning East for at least two weeks. As soon as I arrive in New York I will sign the articles, provided everything is satisfactory. Ruhlin and Jeffries will come together at Frisco for a percentage of the gate receipts, and not a purse as reported. I have asked for \$500 as expenses, and I guess we will get it. I am getting up a fight for the heavy-weight championship between my man, 'Denver' Ed. Martin, and Frank Childs, of Chicago. Just got word from Summerfield and Essig, Childs' managers, stating that they are willing to have the combat come off inside ten days. In all probability it will be decided at Grand Rapids. There is a club here ready to hold the battle."

At Louisville, Ky., "Kid" Carter demonstrated that he is Jack Bonner's master in the ring when he walloped the Summit Hill boy through twenty rounds, each of which was a nightmare to Jack. The men met before the Southern Athletic Club last night. It was their second contest, the first being a draw. Bonner took a terrible grueling from the cool, merciless Brooklyn boy, who skipped around the ring and drove his piston-like arms into Bonner without spilling a drop of blood in return. Early in the bout Carter split Bonner's eye. Then he chopped the left side of his face out of shape and worked a few designs in carmine all over Bonner's body, raising welts everywhere. Time and again in the last five rounds Bonner was wobbly and looked likely to go out, but he pulled through each time and managed to stay through the twenty.

At Dover, N.H., Patsy Haley, of Buffalo, and Dan Snyder, fought a draw in ten rounds at 122 pounds at Lowell's Opera House. The bout was one of the swiftest and cleverest ring battles ever seen here, and was witnessed by 300 persons. The first six rounds were about even. Haley in the eighth sent Snyder to the ropes under a rain of terrific blows. Through the two succeeding rounds he forced the fighting, and landed heavily, frequently landing a left-hand swing, which appeared to puzzle Snyder. The latter put up a splendid defensive battle, and took every chance open for landing on the body with his right.

At Waterbury, Conn., Martin Flaherty is nursing several sore and bruised ribs, due to his having engaged in a short boxing session with George McFadden at the National Athletic Club. Before the third round had been finished the Lowell man was put clean through the ropes by one of McFadden's straight right-handers that lost him the fight. McFadden sent in many a hard drive to Flaherty's face and body for two rounds and got little in return. His renowned blocking served him well, for the Lowell man tried hard to land on him. The efforts were tiring on Flaherty, for when the third round began he had little left in him. Then it was that McFadden, after hooking several blows to his face that caused a grogginess to overcome the recipient, sent the blow that well-nigh killed Flaherty.

At San Francisco Terry McGovern yesterday was matched to fight Aurelio Herrera, of Bakersfield, Cal., at the Mechanics' Pavilion, on May 29. The fight will be for twenty rounds, winner to take half the gate receipts. The National Club will manage the big fight. At first the club refused to consider the matter, but when it was found that Manager Harris would not permit Terry to meet Erne, Herrera had to be accepted as a makeshift. Those who have seen Herrera say he is a wonder with both hands, and can land a punch that will worry McGovern.

At Bangor, Me., Billy Payne, of Philadelphia, and Dick O'Brien, of Lewiston, fought eight rounds in a field a few miles from Bangor. The battle, which was witnessed by a crowd of sports who had paid good money, expecting to see a finish, was not at times, Payne being knocked down four times. Neither man, however, was seriously hurt. The referee, Allie Brown,

of Lewiston, gave the decision to O'Brien. It is reported that the Sheriff of Waldo county will arrest all who took part in or witnessed the fight.

Charley Mitchell, the English boxer, is here again. He arrived on the Majestic, and last night was out on Broadway telling everybody he was anxious to fight Jim Corbett again. Mitchell will probably tour the country in boxing exhibitions with "Kid" McCoy.

At Wilmington, Del., Sammy Smith, of Philadelphia, won from Tommy Feltz, of Brooklyn, last night, on a foul.

THE TATTLER.

JACK O'BRIEN, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Who Met George Chrisp at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Monday Evening, May 20.

(With Portrait.)

JACK O'BRIEN (Joseph Hagan) was born January 17, 1878, at Philadelphia, Penna., U.S.A. On October 20, 1896, he entered and won the middle-weight championship (amateur) of Penna., defeating three men, and weighing about 140lb; fought a draw with Isadore Strauss, 6rds; draw with George Russell, 6rds; draw with Bobby Dobbs, 4rds; draw with Martin Judge, 6rds; beat Isadore Strauss, 6rds; beat Dan McConnell, 6rds; beat Leslie Pearce, 6rds; beat Billy Payne, 6rds; fought a draw with Bobby Dobbs, 4rds; beat Young Smyrna, 4rds; beat Bill McCarthy, 6rds; draw with Barney Connors, 15rds; draw with Paddy Sheehan 4rds; beat Martin Judge, 6rds; beat Jack Hanlon, 6rds; knocked out Joe Dougherty, 3rds; beat Isadore Strauss, 6rds; beat Barney Connors, 6rds; beat Paddy Sheehan, 6rds; knocked out Tony Drew, 11rds; beat Jack McCann, 3rds; beat Billy Payne, 4rds; beat Dick Kelly, 4rds; fought a draw with "Kid" Carter, 10rds; beat Hugh McWinter, 20rds; beat Tom Cavamaugh, 4rds; beat Fred Stricker, 4rds; beat Jack Collier, 6rds; draw with George Cole, 6rds; beat George Cole, 20rds; knocked out "Tony" Drew, 7rds; beat "Kid" Baxter, 6rds; knocked out Walter Nolan, 4rds; beat "Shorty" Ahern, 6rds; knocked out Tom McUnc, 12rds; beat Tommy Tracy, 6rds; draw with Al. Neill, 15rds; beaten by Young Peter Jackson, 13rds; beat Bob Long, 6rds; beat Young Mahoney, 6rds; knocked out Charlie Bell, 2rds; knocked out Jack Lewis, 7rds; knocked out Jem Adams, 5rds; draw with Jem Adams, 8rds; beat Andy Walsh, 6rds; beat Jack Bonner, 6rds; beat George Cole, 10rds; beat Tommy West, 6rds; beat Jemmy Handler, 6rds; beat Harry Smith in 4rds at Newcastle; met George Chrisp at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, May 20, and knocked him out in 11rds.

GREAT CLOG-DANCING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Some of the Competitors Who will Contest for the Belt.

(With Portraits.)

MR. J. H. WOOD, music-hall proprietor, is manager and promoter of the championship. Among the competitors are:

J. Copeland, the well-known character-comedian and society entertainer.

Tom Robson, nephew of T. Robson, who competed against Dan Leno, and who intends to make the best of them dance. There are also F. H. Fox, W. E. White, N. Pringle, M. Hanuaway, Joe Nixon (Birmingham), F. F. Sterling (Chesterfield), Dick Lomax (Darwin, Lancashire), A. E. Peake (Middlesbro'-on-Tees), Joe Wesley (Glasgow), Harry Venmore (Ormskirk), B. Whelan (Airdrie, Scotland), and T. W. Royal (Manchester).

FRANK GESS.

A Very Clever 9st Boxer, who has Taken a Prominent Part in the Various Boxings Shows now Travelling the Country.

(With Portrait.)

FRANK GESS will probably be known to most of our readers by the fine contest he made with Jack Roberts at the N.S.C., but Gess is also known as a champion in various boxing booths. Frank's last engagement was with Harry Hughes, but prior to that Gess had an engagement with a Newcastle boxer which, however, fell through owing to a bad attack of pneumonia—an attack so bad that the doctor said he had but a few hours to live. Gess, however, eventually recovered, and he is at the present time prepared to meet any 9st boxer in the North of England.

TO THE MARRIED AND THOSE INTENDING TO MARRY OF BOTH SEXES.

Read carefully my new book, which treats Every Branch of this Delicate Question of large families with a moral check, as commended by an eminent London Physician. Send postal order, 1s. for improved edition, in sealed packet, with distinct address to the author, Mr. Wilton J. Dowse, Science Lecturer, 14, The Chase, Nottingham. A M.P. writes us: "Book valuable, reliable, and moral. Poverty banished, comfort in homes secured." Name this paper, please.

"JEWEL" COOKE, OF BLOOMSBURY.

Who Met Harry Neumier at Wonderland on Monday Evening, May 20.

(With Portrait.)

"JEWEL" COOKE has met several opponents with a fair amount of success. Beat Jerry Donoghue, 6rds; beat Pat Daly in 12rds and 7rds; beat Tom Woodley, 6rds; Mike Flynn, 4rds; Jem Thompson, 4rds. Draw with Tom Causer, 4rds. Beat Alf Buckingham, 12rds; G. Winney, 4rds; Jack Gover, 6rds; Corporal Tasker, 4rds; Alf Holding, 6rds; Corporal Lamb, 3rds; George Burley, 15rds and 6rds; Bill Donovan, 8rds; Alf Campbell, 2rds; Alf Banister, 2rds; A. Wilkinson, 2rds; Walter Eyles, 6rds; Jerry Donoghue, 10rds; Ted Fenton, 4rds; Jack Walsh, 6rds; Jack Fairclough, 2rds; Billy Gordon, 6rds. In a special competition was defeated by W. Eyles; draw 15rds with J. Johnson; beat Andy Watson, 20rds; A. Hughes, 2rds; Billy Morgan, 3rds; Corporal Griffiths, 6rds; beaten by Harry Webster, 20rds; beaten by Walter Eyles, 6rds; beaten by Bill Nolan, 6rds; beaten by Jem Holloway, 20rds; beat Dave Barry, 4rds; draw with Walter Eyles, 10rds; met Harry Neumier at Wonderland, May 20, and won on a foul in 2rds.

MDME. LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

Who has Just Received a High Musical Honour from the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia, of Rome.

(With Portrait.)

MDME. LILLIAN BLAUVELT has just received a high musical honour from the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia of Rome, which is now in its 316th year. The popular young soprano sang recently at the commemorative performance of Verdi's "Requiem," and to mark appreciation of her services the society re-established the old custom of granting the Order of St. Cecilia. Count di San Martino, in forwarding the medal to Mdme. Blauvelt, states that she is "the first woman whose name is in the golden book of highly celebrated and distinguished artists." The order is limited to fifty, and since 1585 there have been only eight foreign recipients.

MOTHER REGAINS POSSESSION OF HER CHILD.

After Being Abducted by its Father and Taken to America.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A LADY who recently obtained a divorce from her husband was given the custody of their only child. The husband caused the child to be kidnapped and carried to America, where it was kept in hiding for nearly two years. Although the mother tried every means during this time to regain her offspring, she failed to discover its whereabouts until a fortnight ago, when she in her turn took possession of the child, and placed both herself and it under the Consul's protection.

HER FRIEND WAS WEARING THE LOST JEWEL.

An Unrehearsed Stage Quarrel Ends in Stabbing.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AN impromptu stage quarrel took place in the dressing-room of a theatre in Paris between two well-known beauties, and who were considered inseparable friends. This unrehearsed affair occurred in consequence of one of the ladies losing a valuable article of jewellery, and while dressing she observed it in the possession of her companion. A few hasty words, and she seized a pair of scissors and inflicted an ugly wound on the wearer's knee, and it will be some time before that lady will be able to resume her duties.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Harry Harris (Chicago).
William Baird (Belfast).
Jack Moore (Kingsland).
Alf Lloyd (St. Luke's).
Bill Izzard (Mile End).
Charley Izzard (Mile End).
J. G. Winder.
J. Davy.
Jack Wise.
Tom Campbell.
Bill Scannell.
Sammy Kelly (New York).
Mr. Trevor.
Mr. Davis.
Prof. A. Newton.
Jack Bryan (Drury Lane).
The Three Oswalds (variety artistes).
Max Muller (wrestler, Germany).
William Klein (wrestler, Waltham).
William Clark (wrestler, Shoreditch).
Nellie La Rue (variety artiste).
Jack Carkeek (champion wrestler).
Mr. Bert A. Dorman (Boston).

LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. He thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London?" "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so." "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]



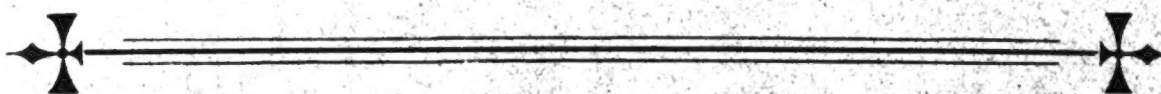
MDME. LILLIAN BLAUVELT,

Who has Just Received a High Musical Honour from the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia of Rome.



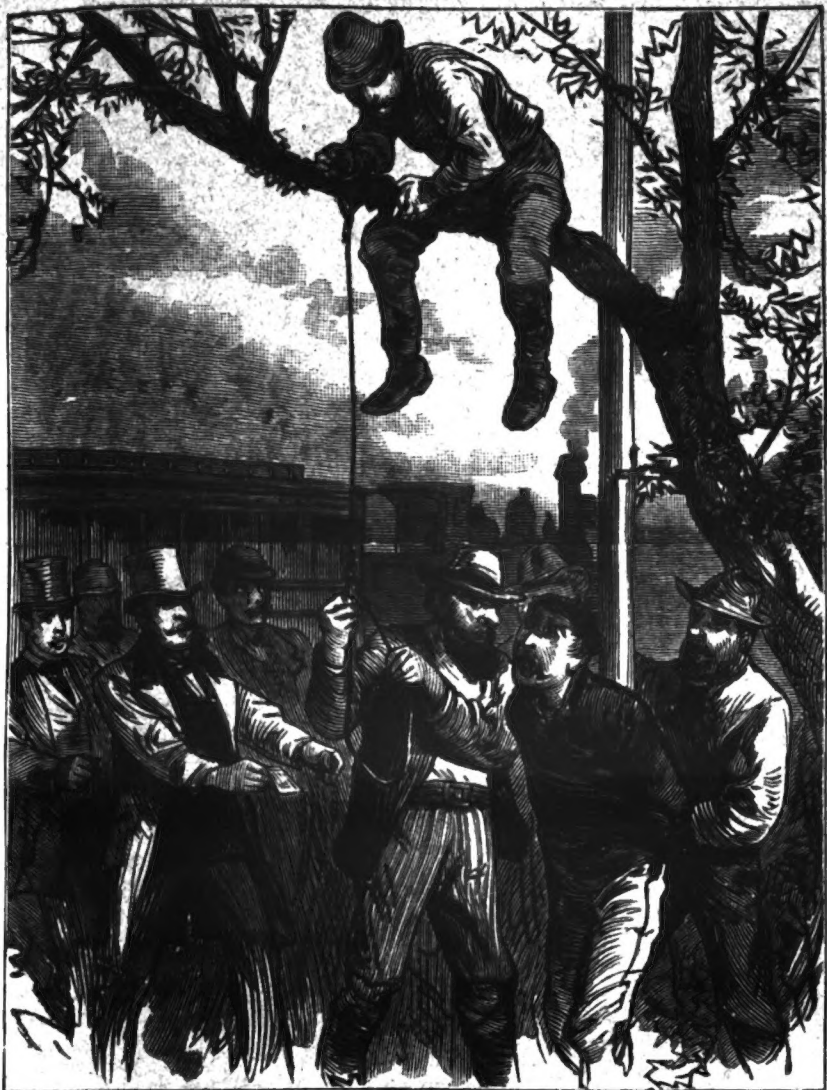
MOTHER REGAINS POSSESSION OF HER CHILD

After Being Abducted by its Father and Taken to America.



ACTRESSES IN THE "FILLE DU TAMBOUR-MAJOR."

Some Pretty and Effective Costumes on the Parisian Stage.



LYNCHING IN THE SOUTHERN STATES OF AMERICA.
A Quick Trial, and Speedy Despatch of the Culprit.



OSCAR GARDINER,
Who was Defeated in Four Rounds by Terry McGovern at the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, California, U.S.A.



SANTOI,
The Winner of the Jubilee Stakes on May 11, the Property of Mr. George Edwardes, Trained by Mr. Davis, and Ridden by F. Rickaby. Time, 2min. 5 2-5sec.



"POP'S" SWIMMING ENTERTAINMENT at Newmarket Baths.—"Pop," the well-known and respected boxing caterer, has been requested to take the Newmarket Baths for a swimming handicap in the July race meetings to encourage sport among the lads of Newmarket. The following well-known sportsmen have promised valuable prizes:—Mr. J. E. Dooley, Mr. W. Sanders, and Mr. W. and G. Alden (brothers) will each give a splendid silver watch by Kendal and Dent, of 106, Cheapside, Mr. Dick Dunn will give a prize, Mr. J. McGregor will give a splendid marble clock, Mr. Teddy Wilson will give a diamond pin, Mr. Alf da Costa will give a silver cup, Mr. Sam Hodgson, of Bradford, will give a splendid silver lever watch, Mr. Teddy Cranfield ("Pop's" old friend) will give a silver medal to every runner-up, and other gentlemen have promised prizes. Lads wishing to enter will please communicate to Mr. H. Lancaster, of Newmarket, at once. Mr. J. E. Dooley will act as judge, and Mr. Jack Haggerty, of Stalybridge (the champion swimmer), as starter. The prizes will be on view at THE MIRROR OF LIFE, 172, Fleet Street, for two weeks before being on view at Mr. W. Simpson's, High Street, Newmarket. "Pop" wishes to thank those gentlemen who have sent their prizes.—Mr. J. E. Dooley, Mr. W. Sanders, Mr. W. H. and G. Alden (brothers). Further particulars will appear in THE MIRROR OF LIFE each week.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS ACROBAT.—Mr. George Conquest, who died early last week, besides being the author of 120 plays, actor, manager, and proprietor of the Surrey Theatre, was the most daring acrobat ever seen in pantomime. Mr. Conquest made the fame of many of his pantomimes by a series of extraordinary "demon trap" performances, in which he displayed remarkable boldness and agility. By specially devised "vampire," "star," and other traps he appeared and disappeared with bewildering rapidity, being shot at one moment almost to the "flies," and the next plunging through the stage—to be received into cunningly-devised shafts or funnels, lined with brushes to ease and reduce the velocity of his passage.

RABBIT COURSEING.—MR. SWIFT, of Bath, is open to run his bitch, Little Kit, against any 13½ in dog or bitch in the world the best of twenty-one courses, catch and hold, for £50 to £150 a-side.—Address, C.S., care of White Hart, Upper Borough Walls, Bath.

WOOLWICH V. SANDHURST.—FINE weather favoured the twenty-second annual athletic meeting of the cadets of Woolwich and Sandhurst, held last Tuesday at Woolwich, before a large and fashionable attendance. A strong north-east wind assisted the runners in the hundred and the hurdles, but it was dead against them in the longer races, and slow times were the result. Sandhurst placed the issue beyond doubt by winning five of the first six events, and eventually they proved successful by six to three. Results:—One mile: L. C. Wagstaff (Sandhurst), 1; C. J. H. Clibborn (Woolwich), 2; and H. J. G. Gale (Woolwich), 3. Time, 4min 47.3-5sec. Wide jump: K. O. Goldie (Sandhurst) (21ft 2in), 1; and E. D. Carden (Woolwich), 20ft 10in, 2. 100 Yards: N. R. L. Chance (Woolwich), 1; K. O. Goldie (Sandhurst), 2; and G. N. Hubbard (Sandhurst), 3. Time, 10.4-5sec. High jump: J. H. Lyne-Evans (Sandhurst) and J. H. Pattison (Sandhurst) tied at 5ft 4½ in. 120 yards hurdles: K. O. Goldie (Sandhurst), 1; A. Ferguson (Woolwich), 2; and M. D. Bell (Woolwich), 3. Time, 17.3-5sec. Half-mile: C. Gibb (Sandhurst), 1; and G. Heygate (Woolwich), 2. Only two finished. Time, 2min 10sec. Putting the shot: C. E. Stranack (Woolwich), 32ft 9in, 1; and E. K. Squires (Woolwich), 31ft 4in, 2. Quarter mile: N. R. L. Chance (Woolwich), 1; T. S. Whitworth (Sandhurst), 2; and R. K. A. Macauley (Woolwich), 3. Time, 54.1-5sec. Two miles: L. C. Wagstaff (Sandhurst), 1; C. J. H. Clibborn (Woolwich), 2; and H. E. Kenyon (Woolwich), 3. Time, 10min 25.1-5sec.

MALTHUS APPLIANCES.

Descriptive Price List and **THREE GOOD ASSORTED SAMPLES OF NEW and SPECIAL MALTHUS RUBBER APPLIANCES**; Complete Outfit forwarded on receipt of **6 STAMPS**. Larger outfits 1s., 2s., 6d., and 5s.—Address: Hepe (M. L. Dept), West Green Rd., London, N.

SANDOW AT THE PARAGON.—Every branch of physical endurance, when put upon a music-hall stage, is certain to draw large attendances. Boxing, wrestling, and weight-lifting shows are just what attract the public, and down town the sports are always willing to pay to witness feats of strength and endurance. Mr. Beecham, the manager of the Paragon, Mile End Road, knows exactly what suits his patrons, and consequently we find at this select resort the best of talent of every description. When boxers are in the zenith of their fame, such as Dick Burge, "Pedlar" Palmer, Jem Smith, Frank P. Slavin, &c., this popular manager engages them, and, by his attending to the wants of the public, makes the Paragon the best house in the East-end. A short time ago our representative refereed wrestling here, while a few weeks ago Apollo, the strong man, packed the resort every evening. Last week Sandow was the principal attraction, and after showing the muscular development of his body, performed with 56, 90, 130, 200, and 300lb dumbbells, and also tore one, two, and three packs of cards, finally sustaining the whole weight of the apparatus, including the attendants, on his chest.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS PED. AND TRAINER.—Early on Tuesday (the 14th inst.) Mr. Tom Edon, for twenty-one years the custodian of the well-known Barnsley Queen's Grounds, a noted referee and stakeholder in connection with Yorkshire sports. In his younger days deceased was a well-known pedestrian as well as a trainer of competitors for Sheffield, Newcastle, and Edinburgh handicaps. Deceased, as stated, has acted as custodian and lived at the Queen's Grounds, Barnsley. He has officiated as stakeholder and referee in some hundreds of matches, and on several occasions his straightforward manner in handing over the stakes to the rightful competitor, has landed him in courts of law. About three years ago he had a severe attack of influenza, from which he never seemed to thoroughly recover. He has of late passed through a most trying ordeal, his last attack being very sudden. He seemed somewhat better about seven o'clock at night, and was out of doors. Later, he was seized with a fit, and rallied but a little time. Deceased, who was fifty-one years of age, leaves a widow and ten children—five sons and five daughters.

WRESTLING AT SOUTH SHIELDS.—Carkeek giving £10 notes away.—Last week Jack Carkeek, the king of wrestlers, was taking on all-comers at the Empire Palace, South Shields, and giving anyone that lasted 15min, in either the Græco-Roman or catch-as-catch-can styles, a £10 note. It does not matter to the champion of champions who comes up, and it only adds to his fame when first-class men have a good go. Through sheer hard work Jack has reached the top rung of the ladder of fame and stands out by himself as the king of all wrestlers. It does not matter what style, Græco-Roman, catch-as-catch-can, Cornish and Devon, collar and elbow, or Cumberland and Westmoreland, Jack is as far removed from the majority of wrestlers as a classic racehorse to a handicapper. Now and then a first-class man may win the tenner (real live money), but if Carkeek fails to defeat champions in the stipulated time he has a jolly good try, and the spectators get full value for the time and outlay. The hall was packed every night, and, if it was possible, Carkeek added to his fame and proved himself the champion of champions.

PEDESTRIAN BEATS STEAMBOAT.—An interesting test of the speeds of various means of locomotion in London took place on Tuesday. Four men started at the same time from Oakley Street, Chelsea, for the Temple. One walked, another went by omnibus, a third took a Thames steamer, and the fourth walked to Sloane Square and continued his journey by the Underground. The railway man reached the Temple first, the omnibus passenger got there second, the pedestrian scored third, and the Thames steamer passenger arrived a long way behind, fuming and storming. He said he might have done better, but he had to wait twenty-five minutes for a boat at Chelsea.

THE DIAMOND SCULLS.—B. Hunting Howell, Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and Thames R.C., the winner of the Diamond Sculls at the Henley Royal Regatta in 1898 and 1899 will, we are informed on good authority, not compete this year, neither will E. G. Hemmerde, of University College, Oxford, and the Leander Club, last year's winner, nor another oarsman whose status for this race is said to have been questioned. This leaves the young Oxonian Guardsman, C. V. Fox, with little apparent opposition, but from his form up to the present W. C. Bond, of the Leander Club, who has been rowing regularly from Putney in company with J. T. Phelps, jun. (who coached the present holder), gives promise of making a really good man.

CYCLING.—JACQUELIN, THE French cycling champion, on Friday defeated Taylor, the coloured American, in a 2,000 metres race, on the Prince's Park track, Paris. There was an enormous crowd present.

AMATEUR GYMNASIIC CHAMPIONSHIP.—The final round for the Adams Gymnastic National Challenge Shield, valued at 200gs, took place at Newport on Saturday night, before a large and enthusiastic crowd, between teams representing Dundee and Newport. Newport were the better team on every item, and won by thirty-five points, Lammy, of Newport, being the highest individual scorer with 49. Scores: Newport: Horizontal bar 117, Indian clubs 132, parallel bars 112, and high jump 90—total 451. Dundee: Horizontal bar 104, Indian clubs 126, parallel bars 106, and high jump 80—total 416.

DEATH OF A VETERAN SPORTSMAN.—Mr. Joseph Osborne, author of "The Horsebreeders' Handbook" and other sporting works, died on Sunday afternoon at Brighton. Mr. Osborne was in his ninety-first year, and except for a partial failure of his eyesight he enjoyed robust health almost to the end of his long life, during which he was in turn breeder and owner of racehorses, sporting journalist, and author. At the commencement of the thirties he bred and owned the celebrated racers Maria and Mercury, and in the middle of the last century he won the Grand National with Abd el Kader two years in succession (1850 and 1851).

BILLIARDS.—"TRIV" DAWSON was again successful last week at the Three Cups, Sandland Street, Bedford Row, Holborn. The well-appointed saloon was well patronised by a select company. "Triv" Dawson is known as a boy champion cueist, and for his age has played some remarkably good matches. Young "Triv" is a son of Harry Dawson, the South London celebrity, who was present to witness the success of his son. The proprietor of the Three Cups gave two prizes, one for the winner and one for the loser, and Mr. Dawson also gave a prize to the loser. The conditions were 500 up. Dawson conceded his opponent, Dickerson—a few years older—100 start. At half-time the game was called—Dickerson, 294; Dawson, 217—his breaks were 33, 31, 27, &c.; Dickerson, 26, 18, and other useful contributions. Eventually Dawson won by 25 points.

FOX-TERRIERS AT THE PALACE.—Owing to a smaller entry than usual from the provinces, the show of the London Fox-Terrier Club, which opened at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday last, was not quite up to the average in quality. Still there were some fine specimens on the lists, among them being the Duchess of Newcastle's Cackler of Notts, which took first honours in the open wire-haired section, while in the smooths Mr. R. Vicary's Velocipede, Mr. F. Reek's Avon Mistrel, and Miss Hatfield's Modern Blazes came out winners in their respective classes.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMAN.—We regret to have to record the death, which occurred on Friday morning at Oweroff, High Wycombe, of Mr. Thomas Robinson, a gentleman well known in sporting circles. Mr. Robinson was an intimate friend of Tom Cannon, sen., who was a part owner with the deceased of the stud farm at High Wycombe. The funeral will take place to-morrow at Wycombe, at half-past three o'clock.

WALKING MATCH V. TIME.—AN interesting walking match will take place on Monday, June 3, when W. Griffin, the old professional pedestrian, will endeavour to walk from the Aquarium at Brighton to the Crown and Sceptre Hotel, Streatham Hill, about forty-eight miles, in ten hours for a wager of £50. A start will be made from the Brighton Aquarium at nine o'clock in the morning. The pedestrian will be accompanied by a motor-car carrying his backer, attendant, the referee, and representatives of the Press. This, as a genuine sporting match, is exciting much interest in Brixton and Streatham.

THE ONE MILE CYCLING WORLD'S Record Beaten.—Last Tuesday evening, at the Crystal Palace, H. B. Howard beat the world's record for one mile by 3.4-5sec, and all quarters en route. It was a fine evening, and there was not much wind. Times:—First quarter 30.3-5sec; half-mile, 59.1-5sec; three-quarter mile, 1min 29.4-5sec; and the full mile, 2min 3sec. He rode a Raleigh. The times were taken by Mr. Pembroke Coleman, N.C.U.

CYCLING.—LINTON AGAIN victorious.—At the Park des Princes Velodrome, Paris, on Sunday the fifty-mile cycle race was won by Linton, whose time was 1hr 23min 3.2-5sec, beating Baugé by eight laps. Miller was third. The return match between Jacquelin and Major Taylor has been fixed definitely for Whit Monday. The conditions are exactly the same as for the first match.

JOEY CHADWICK, THE BOY Champion Walker.—If we can come to terms, my boy—thirteen years of age, stands 4ft 5in in height—will walk little Joey ten miles.—Address, Fred Hardy, Shirland, Alfreton.

SCARCE BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPHS, &c. Catalogue, with samples, in Sealed Letter Post, 2d.—G. ARTHUR, 6, Rue l'Ecluse, Paris.—(Advt.)

NEW RECORDS AT THE L.A.C.—Much more lengthy, more novel, and more interesting than usual was the London Athletic Club's programme last Friday at Stamford Bridge. Two records were established in the course of the afternoon. One was in the mile relay race, which the Unity Athletic Club won in the British record time of 3min 35.3-5sec, that club's representatives, A. Nelson, E. Tillinghast, J. Binks, and R. W. Wadsley, having each ran a quarter of a mile against P. B. Dodd, R. B. Cowley, C. V. Sheppard, and A. J. Arnold, of the South London Harriers. When Arnold, the last of the South London Harriers' contingent, was sent on his way, Wadsley, the last of the Unity men, was waiting for his colleague Binks to oblige up, the latter being then about twenty-five yards to the lead. Meanwhile Arnold was tearing along at high pressure, and by the time Wadsley was sent in pursuit the South London Harrier held a lead of nearly thirty yards. Wadsley, however, travelled at a tremendous pace, and catching Arnold in the home straight finished an easy first, having covered his portion of the journey in 50.2-5sec. The other event in which a British best-on-record was set up was in the five miles heavy marching order walking challenge cup race, which Private S. Grey, of the 2nd London R.V., won in the best known time of 55min 37.2-5sec, Colour-Sergeant G. H. Elliot, 2nd South Middlesex R.V., being second in 57min 1.2-5sec, and Corporal W. Barratt, 3rd London R.V., third in 1hr 30.2-5sec. The competitors had to carry a rifle, slide arms, straps, mess-tin, great coat (rolled), two pouches in front, gaiters, forage-cap, haversack, and water-bottle, and wear heavy marching order boots. Experts consider that all the men who finished accomplished fine performances. A volunteers' tug-of-war was won by the 3rd London Rifles. C. H. Jupp again secured the 220 yards challenge cup in 22.4-5sec. The Light Blue, H. E. Graham, won the 1,000 yards challenge cup in 2min 20.4-5sec. The inter-scholastic American champion, C. W. Coe, won at shot-putting with the fine "put" of 45ft 2in. R. H. Watson was unopposed for the three-miles walking challenge cup. F. T. Cornelius, St. Mark's College F.C., long-jumped 21ft 4½ in and won, and the 600 yards Stoneham Challenge Cup handicap race was won by the Cambridge University quarter-miler, C. G. Davidson, from scratch in 1min 15sec.

JACK CARKEEK AT HAMMERSMITH—£10 Notes Flying About.—This week Jack Carkeek, the King of all Wrestlers, is taking on all comers at the Hammersmith Palace of Varieties, and giving £10 to anyone that lasts 15min without being thrown. This is real live money, and anyone is welcome to try for it providing they give twenty-four hours' notice. When Carkeek was here the week before Christmas he literally packed the house every night, and without any doubt will do it again this week. A great company preceded the champion of the world, who is staged at 10.50, only to receive a tremendous ovation from the spectators. His opponent was Victor Jaxon, champion of Switzerland, and they received a perfect volley of cheers when they appeared. Scientific work was the order of the night, and the king of wrestlers was successful in throwing Jaxon under the time limit. The genial manager, Fred Reeves, acted as timekeeper and M.C., and the representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE as referee. On Tuesday, too late for this edition, he meets the Belgian, and full details will appear next week.

BAGATELLE AT MR. G. HILL'S Duke of Wurtemberg, Hatfield Street, Blackfriars Road.—On Monday evening last Harry Mann, the champion fast cannon player, played against time 500 cannons up. Any player in England will be presented with a handsome silver cup under a glass shade, which is on view at the bar, should they beat Harry Mann's time. For the match under notice a select company was present. Mann had to accomplish his feat of 500 cannons in 1hr 25min. The play was started at 9.40 p.m., and was carefully marked by M. Saunders, the referee was Walter Rolfe, and the timekeeper was Charles Gladden. The following are the respective scores:—Mann 50, 7min; 100, 14min; 150, 21min; 200, 30min; 250, 36½ min; half-time; 300, 45min; 350, 53min; 400, 59½ min; 450, 67min; 500, total 1hr 14min. J. Tubey, of Camberwell, represented THE MIRROR OF LIFE. It was a well-conducted affair, and the old veteran has been champion for many years. Should any competitor fancy his luck, he has something to do to beat Harry Mann.

PEDESTRIANISM.—T. SAVAGE V. G. Haydon for £50.—An interesting race over 100 yards, for a stake of £25 a-side, was decided at Raynes Park on the 19th inst. Both men are members of the Whitcomb Wanderers Cricket Club, and some discussion having ensued previously as to their respective merits, the match was arranged. Prior to starting Haydon was a strong favourite, but Savage got the best of the start, and although Haydon made a great effort close home, failed to get up and was beaten by inches. The winner's time, taken by Mr. Harry Harrington, was 10.3-5sec.

THE AMERICA CUP. SHAMROCK II. DEFEATS SHAMROCK I.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S NEW challenger seems to have reached the end of her misfortunes, for on Monday, in ideal yachting weather, she gave convincing evidence of her speed. The difference between her and her elder sister at the finish was not perhaps very great, but people who watched the performance were satisfied that there is a broad margin for further improvement in the very capable hands of Mr. W. G. Jameson and Captain Sycamore.

The owner's palatial steam yacht Erin towed the two racers from Hythe out to the Nab in the early part of the day, and as the little fleet passed down Southampton Water it was loudly cheered by a homecoming trooper, on board of which was the service company of Sir Thomas Lipton's own regiment, the 2nd Volunteer Battalion H.L.I. Like a dutiful colonel Sir Thomas warmly responded to the salute, and the Erin paid all the honours possible in the circumstances to the returning warriors.

The new gaff for the challenger only arrived from the Clyde on Monday, and its fitting was the cause of some delay, but the yachts were at the Nab shortly after noon, and half an hour saw them ready for starting. The course fixed was twelve miles to windward and return. The wind was light, and coming from the south-east, and with a comparatively cloudless sky overhead and smooth water to sail on the racing conditions were as nearly as possible ideal. Both the yachts had second gaff topsails aloft. That on the second Shamrock did not sit at all well, but her new mainsail looked as perfect a piece of work as Messrs. Ratsey have ever turned out. The start took place at five minutes past one. Shamrock I. crept well up to windward, and when a third of the turn had been accomplished she was about 2 min ahead. The Channel ebb was making their progress outward rather difficult, but one stemmed it as well as the other. Then the wind grew lighter, and with her new canvass getting fitter the challenger, in a series of short boards, drew slowly upon the leader. At the end of ten miles she might have headed the older boat, but Wringe was under the impression probably that he could clear and put her about when he should have gone about. Times:—

Shamrock I., 2h, 59min, 37sec.
Shamrock II., 3h, 0min, 16sec.

Shortly afterwards they started homeward with spinnakers set to port. They continued to run that way for forty minutes, and it was not long before the challenger sailed into first place. The times at the finish were:—

Shamrock II., 4h, 1min, 50sec.
Shamrock I., 4h, 2min, 27sec.

Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. Jameson, and Mr. Ratsey were all very well pleased with the challenger's performance. They believe that the week's trials which began on Monday will prove that she is a very fast boat. To-day the yachts race again from the Nab, with possibly Mr. Whittaker Wright's yawl Sybarita included, to add to the value of the trial.

His Majesty has been invited to go to Southampton to witness the trials of Shamrock II., and may possibly do so if his other engagements permit.

CYCLING AT BRISTOL.—A. L. REED (Polytechnic C.C.) was first and W. A. Edmonds (Bristol) second in the five miles bicycle scratch race, for the 300s challenge vase, at the Bristol Post Office sports, on Saturday. F. G. Allen (Bristol) was third. Two yards covered the three men. Time, 12min 51.4-5sec.

JACK BARKEE AT THE MIDDLESEX.—Wrestling for the two £10 notes.—On Monday last there was a packed house present when, at 9.15, the King of Wrestlers opened a six nights' engagement at the above. His fame as a wrestler has gone everywhere, and that night there was not a seat vacant when he appeared to do battle with his wrestling partner, Jem Collins. Three men arose from the audience and asked to be taken on, and the champion of champions agreed to meet two that evening, leaving the third, Mr. Auvray, a big Belgian, weighing nearly 20st, for Tuesday. The two taken on were Peter Ajax (France) and William Klien (Germany), who have been wrestling at the Crystal Palace. They stood no chance, but were learning how to wrestle from their king, and the proof of the pudding is in the eating. They can teach themselves by competing with the champion of champions even if they know that (as it was) defeat was certain. Full details of the week's wrestling contests will appear in our next edition.

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W. GOODBOURN,
BROOKSIDE VILLA, GRANGE ST., HULL.

LIFE'S MIRRORINGS.

By EDMUND SAMPSON.

No. 30.

A FIGHT IN THE DARK.

No sooner do we read of one old tavern, sacred to time and pugilism, disappearing, than it is followed by another and still another, the ancient premises being sacrificed to the vandal hand of improvement. The gin palace craze, the opening up of new streets, the widening of thoroughfares, or what not, until an old tavern with its olden time surroundings will soon be as extinct as the great auk, the dodo, the megatherium, or the mastodon. The wanderer's return after an absence of a few years to London would be a revelation. The street denominated Shaftesbury Avenue has been responsible for the disappearance of old-time taverns innumerable, one of which, a gin palace of dazzling light and splendour, called the Macclesfield Arms, was at one time an old tavern called the Horse and Dolphin, and in the cant language of the fancy "The Prad and Swimmer." It was in a room of the old house that one of the bloodiest fights on record took place between "Hen" Pearce, the "Game Chicken," and "Ferby the Ruffian." The walls of the room were splashed with blood, and the colour of the white evening waistcoats of the gentlemen who sat round the ring were like the red waistcoats of the Bow Street runners of the period, and the landlord of the old tavern was so fearful Ferby would die that he called in a woman in early morn to clean the place; Owen Swift's house in Tieborne Street; the Queen's Head, Windmill Street, close by, propertored by both Billy and Jemmy Shaw; the Sun and Thirteen Cantons, propertored once upon a time by Bob Travers; the Brown Bear, close by, propertored by Jemmy Shaw; the house in Moor Street, Five Dials, propertored by Alec Keene—these are but a few of the old taverns which one main street artery has demolished, leaving only a memory. Many of these taverns were low-fronted structures redolent of comfort and cosiness. The swinging signboard and the water-trough have gone, gone also the brooding nagian fire and huge receptacle for steaks and chops and the big two-handled iron boiler filled with the choice "floury ware." Gone the parlour, with its well-scrubbed tables, its sanded floor, its tray of bright knives and forks ready for the selection of the diners, all giving tokens of substantial comforts which shame the trifles to be found—if found at all—on the counters of the modern gin palace.

Within one hundred yards of the Elephant and Castle there once stood an old-fashioned tavern called The Cricketers. Originally the bar had been reached by ascending a flight of stairs, but the flight of time had caused a subsidence of earth, and the original ascent became a modern descent. Once within the portals of The Cricketers plenty smiled upon you from every corner. Like a pyramid at the back of the bar stood an old Cheshire cheese, which crumbled as it was cut from its very richness, flanked by sirloins of roast, lordly rounds of boiled, and an aristocratic salmon swimming in a delicious concoction of vinegar, cucumber, &c. It was at The Cricketers, quite by accident, some years ago I met with a pleasant surprise for in the person of mine host I recognised an old acquaintance named Bill Jones. The surprise was all the greater as years before Bill's star appeared to be in anything rather than the ascendant, and Jones was looked upon as a good-natured ne'er-do-well. Bill was as much amazed to see me as I was to see him, and after a warm greeting, evidently guessed from my look round

the pitch that I was surprised to see him occupying the position as landlord of such a good, substantial tavern, and remarked, "Well, I notice you are knocked to see me here, but it does not knock you alone, but a good many others. I shall put a bit of dinner on the way, and while it is preparing I will spin you a yarn which I have not spun for many a long day, and then only to a select few." The landlord of the Cricketers was absent for a short time, no doubt giving directions to the cook. He soon returned, however, and again expressed his pleasure at our meeting. Filling my glass and his own, and handing me the box of cigars, Bill Jones began as follows: "There is a certain West-end restaurant called the Pattern, which once upon a time was much frequented by those 'who go racing,' for the simple reason that within its portals more racing secrets were learned than any other covered spot in London, or for that matter elsewhere. At the time of which I speak there were three or four men who frequented the Pattern who kept big racing stables, and 'the boys' used to hang about to 'know something' like flies in summer round a grocer's sugar tub. There was the eccentric Lord A., the 'Laird,' and besides a well-known layer of odds in thousands, there was D'Oy A., an Australian millionaire, and several others well-known on the English turf, who not only spent their money like water, but who often in their cups gave a tip which was worth hundreds to the boys who followed racing. It was quite a contest among the outside clique to manoeuvre to get into the company of these men, and it was a good thing for whichever mob or coterie captured one or other of these racing plutocrats, especially the 'Laird.' There was one man who had ruled the roost at the American bar of the Pattern for years—a fellow of herculean proportions. Hated and detested by every frequenter because of his bullying and high-handed ways, but nevertheless feared and cottoned to by the frequenters because of his prodigious strength and pugilistic proclivities, who looked upon the gentry above enumerated as game for his own plucking. Now, it happened one evening that this person, who was tolerated at the Pattern in consideration of the many persons he introduced to the American bar and supplied with his drinks—this was a shilling bar—at half-price, was more than usually cantankerous, and he selected me as a fair object for his spite. When a man is bent upon a quarrel a very little will make it. The 'Laird,' according to his wont, had called for glasses round, and as I inadvertently took the bully's glass instead of my own, he jabbed it against my teeth, cutting my lips. Mad with rage, I went for my cowardly assailant, when the manager of the Pattern and his myrmidons interfered, and we were unceremoniously thrust out, thirsting for each other's blood, and vowing all sorts of vengeance one against the other. Seeing a fight in prospective, we were followed by the racing plutocrats I have above mentioned, and a council of war being held, we adjourned to one of the old taverns with big club rooms, which at that time abounded in the regions which I have above mentioned.

"My opponent wished to fight the matter out with the knuckles, but as he was so much bigger than myself, and I had but little knowledge of the game, it was suggested by a trio of plutocrats that in order that one man should have no advantage over the other, and to give the weaker a chance, the shutters of the club room should be closed and the place darkened, and that our contest should be 'all in,' that is, no act of aggression was to be considered foul, and that the combat was to continue until one or other cried for mercy, the kicking of the victor to be the signal for the opening of the door from the outside to demonstrate the winner's victory. My opponent pooh-poohed such an arrangement, but the assembled sports, thinking there was a white streak in the bully's composition, made a collection of £500 (five hundred pounds), and placed it in the hands of the landlord, who was also indemnified for any scrape he might get into, the 'monkey' to be given to the man who first made his way from the darkened room

Five hundred pounds was a big inducement, and the bully eagerly accepted the proposition of the prize as confidently as though it were already in his pocket. At length all was in readiness; the gentlemen who planned the affair, in company with a box of cigars and a dozen or two of wine, waited events in a lower room, leaving the scene of the forthcoming encounter isolated, and without one ray of light, a sentry, however, being placed at the door with the key to unlock it and give assistance if needed.

"Attired only in our pants and socks, and naked to the waist, we entered the darkened room, and were placed in our respective corners, and then the light was withdrawn. I heard the door locked, and not until then did I feel in utter darkness the responsibility of meeting an enemy whom I was sure would give me no quarter.

"For some time I waited in agonising suspense, thinking my antagonist would commence hostilities, but although I could occasionally hear his breathing, the darkness was so impenetrable that I could not discern either the bully or his movements. Unwilling to make advances, or expose myself to his attack, I awaited without any result until my excited nerves were strung to a fearful tension. Suddenly I felt a serpentine movement on the ground, and ere I had time to evade the cowardly onslaught I was seized by the legs and hurled to the floor. Before I could recover from the onslaught, my head striking the ground, my opponent was upon me, worrying me like a huge hound. In the darkness a grip intended for my face fortunately fell upon my shoulder, the bully's teeth entering my flesh and causing a pain as though a red-hot pair of pincers had been inserted. This cannibalistic mode of fighting incited me to make a superhuman exertion, and I managed to dislodge my antagonist just as he was making a fresh onslaught with his teeth. This ferocious assault had excited me to the pitch of madness, and I was determined that I would not loose my opponent until one or other of us succumbed, and I punched and kicked at the bully like a madman.

"Over and over we rolled upon the ground, our scanty clothes being torn to ribbons and our bodies bruised and bleeding in the fearful struggle for supremacy, but still no sign of surrender from my opponent, who was pressing me almost beyond the limit of endurance. We were both ignorant as to the injury we had inflicted on each other, and how long we were capable of continuing the contest. I was getting terribly weak, and feared each moment to receive the 'happy despatch,' when I felt my antagonist suddenly extricate himself from my grasp, and I was powerless to prevent him. I tried to cry out for quarter, fearing in my then helpless state each second would be my last, but I could not articulate one word. I will not tell you what emotions passed through my mind as I lay on that floor in a semi-unconscious state. Seconds appeared minutes, and minutes appeared hours, whilst I was wondering that no advantage was taken of my prostration by my savage opponent.

"Time wore on, and, recovering a portion of my strength, hearing no movement, I arose and traversed each portion of the room, but to my amazement I could neither discern nor grasp my opponent, he had most mysteriously disappeared. After some time wasted in a fruitless search I gave the preconcerted signal of victory. Quick as thought the assembled crowd of swells rushed into the room with lights, which for some seconds fairly dazzled me; but although the ground was literally saturated with blood and strewn with portions of our scanty attire, my antagonist was not to be seen. Instantly the broad, open chimney was explored, and then the almost naked man, covered with blood, bruises, and soot, was detached from his hiding-place, and having run the gauntlet of the persons who had long been the victims of the bully's tyranny, he took refuge in an out-house, where his clothes were thrown after him.

"Little did the bully know how completely he had met at his mercy; but it was fortunate that the darkness failed to show him my condition; and unable to make a lasting fight, he had beaten this ignominious retreat. It is needless to say he never visited the Pattern again, and the frequenters of the house knew him no more. As for me, my performance was lauded to the skies, and I received the handsome solatium of eight hundred pounds! Racing was too precarious a game in which to invest my capital, and having long had a fancy for a pub, I was put on the track of one of the right sort, and that I have prospered," said Bill in conclusion, "it is only necessary for you to look round at my snug little business and home."

MR. FRED LAW WILL WELCOME A big crowd of friends to-night (Wednesday) at the Standard, it being the occasion of his sixth annual complimentary benefit.

PICTURES FOR SALE:

Half length oil painting of Johnny Walker by Daniels, also a steel engraving in costume, both in good condition. Lowest Cash Price £5. Apply, John Riley, Beswick Inn, Beswick Manchester.

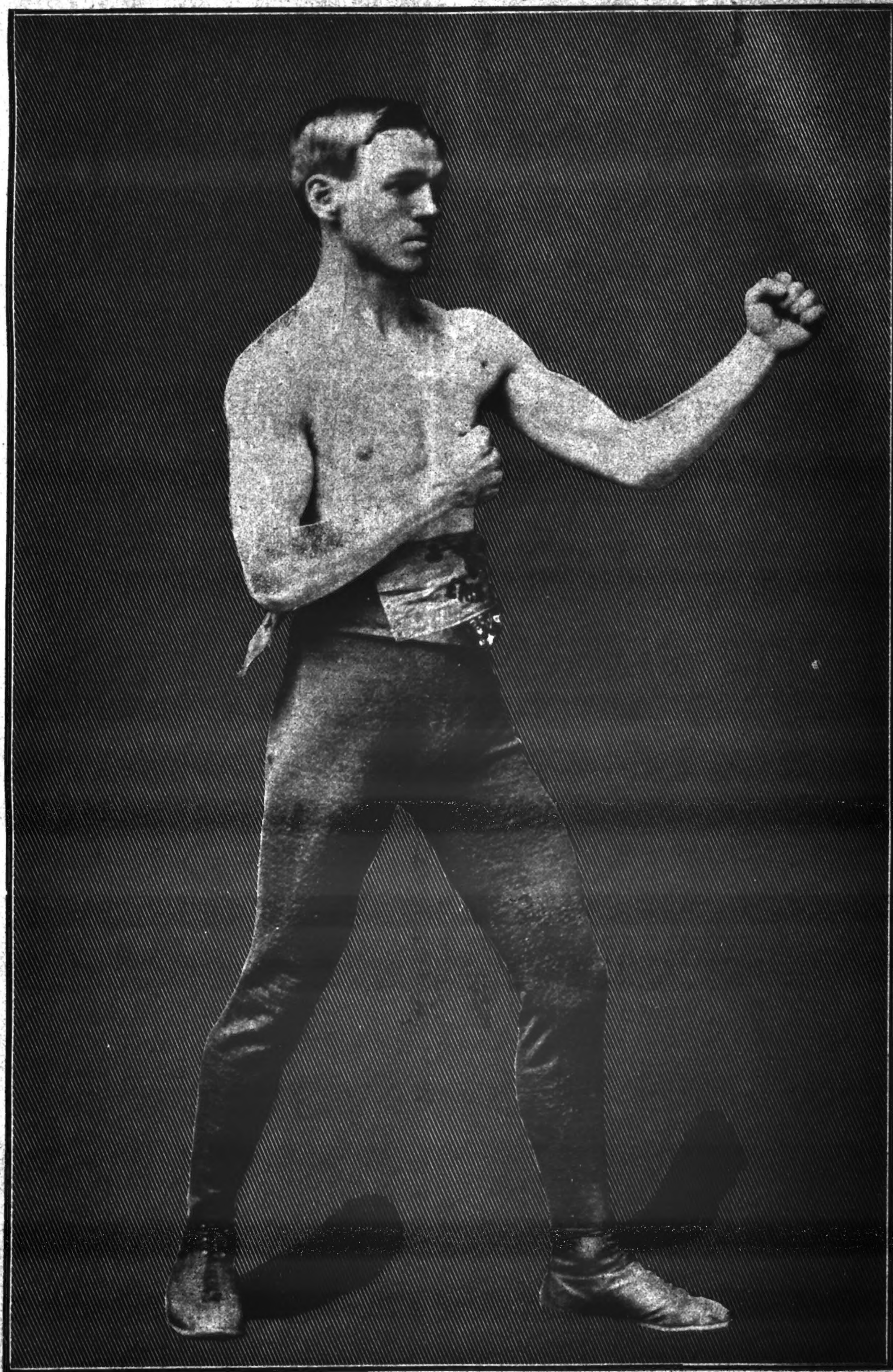
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Readers Should Patronise the Old Firm.

"The Bride of the First Night," nicely illustrated, 156 pages, 1s. "Flagellation, and the Flagellants," a history of the Rod, 544 pages, many illustrations, a very rare work, only 9s. 6d. "The Honeymoon," 1s. Short and Droll Stories of Love, 10 tales 1s., 30 tales 2s. 6d. "Moll Flanders," 2s. 6d. "Aristotle's Great and Wonderful Works," coloured plates, etc., cloth bound, gold blocked, and lettered back, nearly 500 pages, 2s. Guaranteed the Genuine Edition. "Maria Monk," cloth bound, 40 illustrations, 1s. 3d. "Revelations of Girlhood," 36 chapters, 6d. "An Artist's Model," illustrated, 6d. "Fanny Hill," illustrated, 6d. "Eighteen Beautiful Cabinets of a Parisienne," complete, only 1s. the lot. Sixteen Panel-size Paris Salon (Nude) Prints, complete, only 1s. 9d.; or 2 for 3s.; 12 for 15s. "The Decameron," 100 lively stories, 2s. 6d., cloth bound, 3s. "NANA," by E. Zola, 2s., cloth bound, 3s. Amusing Transparencies for Gents, 6d. "The Heptameron," 2s. 6d. "Rosario," the Female Monk, 2s. SIX Cabinets from Life, 6d. Transparent Playing Cards, need no further description here, showing the beautiful pictures, Male and Female, 32 in each pack, post free, 2s. 6d., better kind, 5s. THE CINEMATOGRAF, 1s. each, 3 for 2s. 6d. PHOTOS FROM LIFE, choice and Piquant, New Samples of French Beauties, in various positions, only 1s. 9d. 12 Photos of a Lady Retiring to Bed, 1s. 2d. 25 Nice Bed chamber Scenes, mounted, 1s. 6d. Curious French Coloured Prints, very chic, 1s. the lot. Funny Transparent Domino Playing Cards, packs of 28, only 1s. 2d. ALSO:

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Will magnify 1,000 times. Is something that every young man and woman wants. This is something entirely new, and a rare bargain to those who wish to see the Beautiful in Nature revealed. Sent free by post for 6 stamps, or 2 for 10d., 3 for 1s., 6 for 1s. 9d., or 12 for 3s. 3d., all handsomely mounted in Orelde, and sent secure from observation on receipt of price; when not in use its object cannot be detected.—Any of the above goods sent post free, to any part of the world, from W. REID (M.L. Dent), West Green Road, London, N. [Advt.]



TERRY McGOVERN,

Of New York, who Defeated Oscar Gardiner (the Omaha Kid) in Four Rounds at the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday Evening, April 30, 1901.



J. COPELAND.



T. ROBSON.



N. PRINGLE.



JOE NIXON.



J. F. STERLING.



DICK LOMAX.



A. E. PEAKE.



JOE WESLEY.



B. WHEELAN.



J. H. WOOD.



HARRY VENMORE.



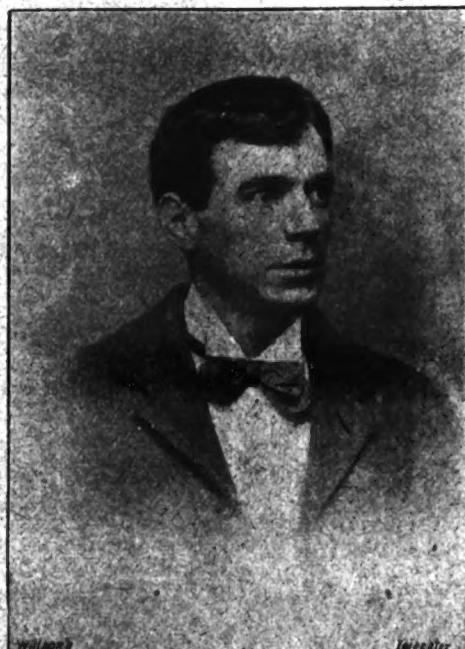
T. W. ROYAL.



M. HANNAWAY.



F. W. FOX.



MARTIN MELIA.



A. E. WHITE.

GREAT CLOG DANCING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

The Promoter, J. H. Wood, and Some Competitors who will Shortly Contest for the Belt and Other Valuable Prizes.



EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during May:—

MAY 25.—Ted Birch and Ben Taylor's Grand Boxing Tournament at Birch's Boxing Saloon, Silvertown.

MAY 29.—At Charley Blackburn's Pavilion, Seaford Sands, Jim Holloway v. Young Edward, twelve rounds.

INTERNATIONAL BOXING.

JACK O'BRIEN, OF AMERICA,
VERSUS
GEORGE CHRISP, OF
NEWCASTLE.

SOON AFTER 6.30 SPECTATORS

on Monday evening began to pass into Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle. Despite the prohibitive prices of half-a-crown to a pound, the place filled quickly, and some preliminary bouts were decided before a huge crowd. The men entered the ring at five minutes past nine. O'Brien was clad in a dressing-gown, and was supported by And. Tokell and Tom Dixon, his trainers, assisted by Jack Gibbon, while Chrisp, who followed a moment after the American, was attended by Nichol Brady and "Spider" Carr, his trainers, assisted by Jimmy Callaghan. It was twenty past nine when the pair faced each other. The men were soon at work, O'Brien getting home the left thrice. The American continued to use the left, Chrisp seeming to content himself with waiting. On points O'Brien had it, but Chrisp was none the worse. In the second round, after O'Brien had led twice, Chrisp pleased his supporters by a good left on the mouth. O'Brien then took a blow on the ribs, to which he replied with left on the face and right under the heart. The work following was of a mixed character, till Chrisp's left eye went up from four or five repeated lefts. It was O'Brien's round on points. O'Brien was very tricky in the third round, and fairly bamboozled Chrisp, who, however, stuck in and tried to get home with both hands. He failed, however, to get near, while his eye went further and further up. Once Chrisp got home severely on the body, but O'Brien did not seem to feel it, and the round ended with his being far ahead. In the fourth round Chrisp was forced round and round the ring, only getting in a left occasionally. From appearances, Chrisp might be playing either for the ten rounds money or the same game that won the match with Smith, namely, the waiting game. The fifth round started by O'Brien running the Novocastrian round the ring, while the American kept tapping away. Chrisp tried to evade the blows to the best of his ability. Whenever Chrisp got home a blow the crowd cheered. As this round ended Chrisp's eye was just on closed as a result of O'Brien's left punches. The sixth round saw the usual left on Chrisp's eye. It seemed as if the odds were really justified, for O'Brien was landing ten blows to every one by the Newcastle man. As the round ended O'Brien seemed to tire with his heavy work, and the Newcastle crowd howled. Chrisp here scored freely. In the seventh round Chrisp went for his man, who was going rather slow. O'Brien was apparently weak, and Chrisp made most of his chances with straight lefts. The American was very wary, however, and kept well away from Chrisp's vicious leads. The Novocastrian looked cheerful as they came up for round 8. O'Brien still tried to force the work, but his blows landed less frequently now, and were much weaker than at first. Some close work ensued, in which Chrisp had the better of matters. As the round ended O'Brien appeared Chrisp, and the men clinched and passed harsh remarks as the round ended. O'Brien was steadier this round, but his blows were less sure in their aim. Chrisp tried all he was worth, and occasionally got some his hard left on the mouth, and the fight in O'Brien's muscle-covered stomach. The round which was somewhat uneventful, ended even. This was the round (the

tenth) that decided one of Chrisp's bets. Chrisp plumped home his left often, and once got home a stinging left in the wind. O'Brien rushed with the left, and there was a clinch. When the referee separated them, each blaming the other, Chrisp for a time went strong, but his blows were not sufficient to tell the tale. At last the round ended, and the crowd cheered because Chrisp had gone the ten rounds. O'Brien at once started with stinging lefts in the wind, following which he several times tried the right. In the next minute Chrisp was not in the hunt, and O'Brien, after severely hacking him with both hands, outed him with a left jolt on the jaw. The referee had no trouble in naming the winner.

BENEFIT TO WALTER JACKSON of Leicester.—Jem Mace's Gymnasium, Coleshill Street, Birmingham, was crowded early last week, when Walter Jackson, the well-known Leicester boxer, was given a complimentary benefit. Jackson fought twelve hard rounds a few days ago against George Broome, of Birmingham, the verdict going to the local man, and in recognition of his plucky fight the Leicester man's friends promoted this show. There was a long programme, and although all the turns were exhibition ones, they were contested with any amount of vigour, all the men doing their best. A start was made with a three rounds bout between George Phalin and A. Woodley, the first-named's advantage in height and reach serving him well. Woodley boxed cleverly, but Phalin was on top all the time. J. Bowen and T. Nutt covered three rounds at a brisk pace, both putting in all they knew, and some fast work was shown when G. Cohen and E. Goodwin toed the mark. Cohen tried hard to finish his man in the third round, but Goodwin, though much lighter, stayed the distance. "Brummy" Anderson gave T. Edmunds an awful pounding, but generously eased up on entering the third round, when Edmunds was scarcely able to stand. Time was called after boxing about a minute only in the final meeting. E. Moran was too heavy for T. Perry, although the last named pluckily fought through the three hard rounds, while T. Egginton did very well to stay a trio of rounds with Frank Escott. Professor Hine's midgets amused the onlookers during the four rounds they occupied the square, both being exceedingly clever for their years. Matt Precious was warmly welcomed when he ducked under the ropes to exhibit with D. Smith. Matt showed all his old smartness with head and feet, and kept Smith on the move all the time. W. Barratt and J. Gill put up an even spar, while Frank Escott and Jack Costello covered three amusing rounds. The wind-up to a good evening's sport was furnished by the two recent opponents, G. Broome and Walter Jackson, three fast, though light rounds being got through. W. H. Hands, the well-known road racing cyclist, acted as referee and timekeeper.

BOXER'S DEATH.—BOXERS WERE greatly in evidence in the streets and in the pubs, outside the Old Bailey on Wednesday, "waiting for the verdict," when Mr. Justice Channell and a jury at the Old Bailey sat to try the National Sporting Club manslaughter case, in which Billy Smith died after a club fight. The defendants were:—Jack Roberts, the surviving principal in the fight; A. F. Bettinson, manager; J. H. Douglas, referee; the timekeeper, and six "seconds." They pleaded not guilty. Mr. Muir, for the Treasury, opened the case. He submitted that two rules of the club were unlawful because they permitted fights to be won "by injury or exhaustion." "You encourage men," he said, "to use violence to each other until one of them is too weak to stand on his feet; and if in the result somebody's life is lost, that is sport! Sport," cried Mr. Muir. "Sport! It is the very antithesis of sport." Mr. Douglas, in the box, said there would be no more serious boxing if a man was allowed to leave off when he liked. In summing up, the judge said that he would be the last to discourage any form of manly sport. He himself thought that the object of boxing was not to hurt a man as much as you could, but to show him how much you could hurt him if you only wanted to. The question for the jury was whether the match was a fight or a simple contest. The jury, however, after an hour and a half's deliberation, reported that they could not agree to a verdict. They were therefore discharged, the defendants being bound over in £100 to appear at the next sessions.

BILL SPREE, HEARING THAT J. McLocking, of H.M.S. Pembroke, has challenged Chatham. New Brompton, and Rochester at 9st 5lb, Bill Spree, of Chatham, will be very pleased to box him the best of ten to fifteen rounds, £10 a-side and the best purse offered. An early answer will oblige and as soon as possible will lead to business.

G. COLLIER, OF BATH, IN REPLY to Dick Brown, of Tottenham, will box him or any other lad in England at 6st 4lb, give or take 2lb, any number of rounds, if any gentleman or club will give a purse.

H. ADAMS, OF SPITALFIELDS, would be pleased to box Bill Torris, of Shoreditch, six or eight rounds, if any boxing promoter will give a purse worth boxing for.

BILL NATTY'S ANNUAL COMPLIMENTARY NIGHT.

LAST THURSDAY EVENING THE above-named instructor staged his annual Bohemian concert and assault-at-arms at the Horns, Kennington. Years ago, when boxers were the scientific athletes they ought to be, the Nattys, Bill and Jack, were among those on the top rung of the ladder, but when age begins to tell its tale it does not matter how clever a man may be, he has to take a back seat and give the younger generation a chance. The brothers then turned their attention to instructing, and have taught champions the art of hit, stop, and get away. Indeed, so well have they succeeded in implanting their skill, that pupils have attained the highest heights possible within the roped area. The public could also witness entertainments promoted by the Nattys, and among the boxing resorts when their name has been all powerful may be mentioned the one in the Borough, near to London Bridge. Here many a hard-fought battle resulted, and within this magic circle Jem Stevens (Borough) met his first downfall at the hands of "Sambo" Marks (Aldgate). The member of the chosen race proved that he could hit as hard as a horse could kick and won the competition as easily as he did the one at the Kay Street Radical Club. Then the first prize was a silver cup, while the donors (the Sunlight Soap Company) also presented a box of their celebrated compound to keep the cup clean. A number of his friends went to see him win, and as he represented the Netherlands there were rare old times when the members went back with the news. The genial president of the athletic class (Lew Myers) and the instructors (Lew and Ansell Dribble) stood drinks for all to celebrate the victory of the club. Exhibitions of the noble art are no more hurtful than a game of billiards, and why these should be stopped is beyond the comprehension of the wise men of the East. Still, though a pair of midgets sparred and Jack Scales wound up with Bill Natty, no boxing was allowed, and as the public knew this it was no wonder to find only a poor house. The talkative one, Ben Harris, was put into the place of honour, and announced that after a selection by the pianist, Mr. J. W. Grey, the concert would begin. Ben was assisted in taking the chair by Mr. Jem Ware, the musical director being J. W. Swayne. Harris also introduced those in the parlour scene, while Mr. R. Josephs (THE MIRROR OF LIFE) acted as referee and timekeeper for the wrestlers. J. W. Downs was the first artist Ben announced, and the song was the comic one that suited the occasion: "Then the Music Started." Miss Lily Barrett was the next to appear, but the lady was very nervous, and did not appear to advantage; she charmed the audience with a charming melody, "Just as the Sun Went Down," but would have gone better in a drawing-room performance, where her sweet voice could be heard all over the place. Mr. Will Howard put those in front on good terms with themselves, and so many verses had his song that the people wanted to know, "When are you going to stop." The sweetest singer of the evening was Miss May Prince, and this young lady is fit for the big halls, and, in spite of the talent present (none better than the lady), she had to sing an encore before retiring. "You Can Get a Sweetheart any Day but Not Another Mother" delighted everybody, but "Baby, When You're a Man" caused the house to shake through the cheering. Will Clement followed the lady, and drew forth praise for his pathetic rendering of "The Empty Frame," after which Will Wade sang, "I Haven't Got There Yet," winding up with a dance, George Strungnell "Leave no Stone Unturned," George Wren "Right on My Do-dar," Will Jacobs "My heart is your Heart," Harry Davis "The Poor Sailor from Botany Bay," led up to the parlour scene. Ben Harris introduced the following, and told appropriate tales of everybody: Alf Barnard, Jack Scales, Bill Corbett, A. J. Francis (10st champion, West of England), Ted Rich, Tom Casner (9st 10lb champion), Wag Ashley, Tom Hands, "Ginger" Owen, George Baxter, Dave Morbin, Bill Nolan, Jack Springhall, Sam Levy, Harry Jacobs, while Con. Donovan's midgets sparred, and Scales wound up with Bill Natty. The Antonis (two of them) showed that they were strong men in a weight-lifting show, while the bout of the evening was the wrestling between William Clark (Shoreditch) and Max Muller (Germany). They contested for a fall in the Græco-Roman style, and the boxers on the stage wondered at their strength. Alf Barnard said, "I would sooner box than wrestle," and, for a wonder, everybody agreed with him. The German kept the pace up throughout, but Clark was never in danger, and even when Max put the heavy into play and lifted his rival from the mat Clark, by a nimble move, fell flat and out of danger. After they had contested for ten minutes the representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE stopped the bout and declared it a draw. Mr. Fawkes and Mr. Stamper then wrestled the best of three falls in the Cumberland and Westmoreland fashion, the first named winning

by two falls to one. Tom Atkinson (light weight champion since 1873) easily threw his pupil, Mr. J. Atkinson, twice, and then our representative left, but there were many ready even then to go on.

"MEXICAN PETE"
EVERETT
VERSUS
TOM SHARKEY.
(Special Report.)

CRIPPLE CREEK, COL., MAY 8.—"Mexican Pete" Everett, of Cripple Creek, won from Tom Sharkey on a foul in the first round before the Olympic Club, of this city, last night. Sharkey agreed to put the Mexican out in six rounds. The men went at it hammer and tongs from the sound of the bell. The local man placed several stiff rights to Tom's heart and kidneys, which, in a measure, stopped the latter's furious rushes. Sharkey landed several severe lefts to head and then clinches were numerous. In the breakaway the sailor swung wildly, and few of his swings reached their mark. Everett covered himself well and let Sharkey do most of the rushing and leading. Toward the end of the round Sharkey landed hard to head and floored his man. Then, before his man could rise, swung a terrific right to the ear, and the Mexican rolled over on the floor unconscious. Referee Johnson then awarded the fight to Everett on a foul. At the time the foul blow was struck Sharkey was to all appearances in a rage, and immediately after delivering it appeared to realise what he had done. He retired to his dressing-room without making any comment on the decision.

HARRY CHAMBERLAIN, OF BOW, to Eddie Santry, of America. — Harry Chamberlain, of Bow, is in the position of Alexander the Great—he sighs for new worlds, or rather boxers, to conquer. Having overcame all the 9st division worthy of his notice in England, Harry has now turned his attention to the States, and would like to meet Eddie Santry, of America. Should Eddie Santry or his manager think fit to make this match Harry Chamberlain will journey over to the States if his expenses, &c., are guaranteed.

HARRY HARRIS CALLED UP TO THE MIRROR OF LIFE on Tuesday, and said that he never met such a nation of sportsmen as the English among whom he has been thrown, and that ever since his arrival in this country he has been fêted and feasted. Not alone this, but Harry exhibited some valuable souvenirs, the gifts of his friends, strange to say, both diamonds and opals. A diamond and opal pin and stud from Mr. Southall, also a diamond and opal pin and stud from his backer, Mr. Jenkins, of Birmingham, whom he wishes to thank, besides Mr. George Willard.

TED BIRCH AND BEN TAYLOR'S Grand Boxing Tournament will be held at Ted Birch's Boxing Saloon, bottom of Tate Road, Silvertown, on Saturday, May 25. Boxing by the elite of the profession. The following will positively appear:—Five Six Rounds Contests: Joe Ford v. Bill Aden, "Wacker" James v. "Chubby" Lampey, Jem Ryan v. Mike Snow, Duke Barry v. Bill Fergusson, Bill Muff v. Bill Morris. A Special Six Rounds Contest: Ben Taylor v. Geo. Owen. Also a 9st Competition between eight picked lads.

JABEZ WHITE AND BILL CHESTER.—For three weeks Jabez White had been in training at Margate and the Cross Hotel, at Kingswinford, in connection with this match. The turn of events at the N.B.C. has upset the Midlander's calculations, and he has now returned to Birmingham, looking remarkably fit and well. Jabez stated that in the hopes of a purse being offered by another club for a meeting with Chester this season, he would continue to do gentle work, and keep himself fit. White is very anxious to get on a match with either Chester or Ireland before the present season closes.

JEMMY HOLLOWAY, OF LIVERPOOL, and Young Edwards, of Wavertree, have signed articles to box the best of twelve rounds at 9st, give or take 2lb, for £5 a-side and a £5 prize. The match takes place on Wednesday, May 29, at Charley Blackburn's sparring pavilion, Seaford Sands. Both lads have a large following, and a good contest is expected.

ALF. LLOYD, OF ST. LUKE'S, would be pleased to box any north country lad at 8st 6lb, Andrew Moor or Dick Johnson preferred, if Mr. Jemmy Lowes will give a purse.

JAMES QUEEN QUARTER WILL box Terry O'Donnell, alias the "Bulldog," or any other man within four miles of Hamilton, Jem Daly preferred, at 9st 6lb, for £25. Business meant.

DEPARTURE OF HARRY HARRIS for America.—On Friday, Harry Harris will sail for New York by the "Furst Bismarck." Unable to get a match on in this country, Harris departs for the States, a match with George Dixon being fixed up for the young American.

TOMMY HOGAN VERSUS SAM BROWN.

MR. SAMUEL GEORGE BROWN, employed at the Hurlingham Polo Club, sought a divorce on Friday by reason of the adultery of his wife, Mrs. Emma Elizabeth Brown, with the co-respondent, Mr. Thomas Hogan, stated to be an American prize-fighter, against whom damages were claimed. The respondent denied the charge, and alleged cruelty against her husband, which he denied. Mr. Willock appeared for the petitioner, and Mr. Barnard for the respondent. The co-respondent entered an appearance in person, but had put in no answer. In opening the case, Mr. Willock said the marriage took place on October 6, 1887, at King's Lynn, Norfolk, and there were two children. At the time of the marriage Mr. Brown was a groom, in employment at Sandringham. In 1893 he was engaged at the Hurlingham Polo Club. In October, 1897, he took the Derby Arms, Mortlake, and left his wife in charge of this place. She was a good business woman, and he trusted her in every way, allowing her to draw cheques. The Derby Arms was what was known as a "sporting" house, and prize-fighters and quasi-prize-fighters came there to be trained for encounters. The co-respondent was one of the fraternity who came there to be trained for a fight with a man named Ben Jordan. While the petitioner was away at Hurlingham in the performance of his duties his wife would constantly be with Hogan. At the end of July of last year he found in her bedroom a locket containing two portraits of Hogan, one in private costume and the other in fighting costume. He spoke to her on the subject, and she said the locket was given to her by somebody else, and not by Hogan. Some time after that Hogan went to Manchester, and on August 4 last two letters arrived by the last post. One was addressed to Miss Lucy Hill, the general servant. Noticing that it was in the handwriting of the co-respondent, he questioned her about it, and she admitted that the letter was intended for her mistress. He opened it, and found it to be addressed from a hotel in Manchester, under date August 4, 1900. It commenced: Dearest Emma,—I just made up my mind to stay one day more, as I have not quite finished what I came here to do. I will leave here to-morrow morning at 11.45 (Sunday), which will get me into London about four o'clock. I will go straight to Hotel, where I expect to find some word from you. If I had known or even thought I should have stayed as long as I have here, I would have you write me here. I will tell you, little girl, that when I go to bed at night I just feel a little lonesome, and if I fall to sleep thinking, I dream of you just the same. I could say a great many things here, but I will leave it until I see you. Now, dear, I will close with best love and kisses, from yours ever lovingly. When petitioner spoke to his wife about this letter she swore she had not the slightest knowledge why Hogan wrote to her. He passed the matter over, and insisted that the co-respondent should never come to the house again. Two days afterwards, in the evening, she disappeared suddenly. He hunted about for her everywhere, but to no effect. When he returned to the bar of the public-house he found a note from her, which ran: "Don't think I have gone with Hogan. I have gone another way altogether." Petitioner was convinced that she had gone to Hogan, and he went to an hotel in the Strand, and found them together there in the American bar. After some trouble, he got her to leave, and they drove together to Mortlake in a cab. When she arrived at the Derby Arms he noticed that the dress she was wearing was not the one she had on when she left him. It was afterwards found out that one of the boxes taken away by Hogan contained a number of Mrs. Brown's things. She repeatedly stated that nothing had occurred between her and the co-respondent, and they lived on together until August 15 last, when she left home and never returned. After that inquiries were made, and it was ascertained that when the petitioner was away at Hurlingham his wife would go to Hogan's room, and they would be alone together for a great length of time. On the day she went away she drew out from the bank £60. Last September she and Hogan were seen together at Brighton by a pugilist's trainer. Subsequently the co-respondent disappeared, and it was believed that he was now in America. The petitioner afterwards got possession of one of his wife's boxes, and they contained letters sent to her from Hogan, showing that they had been together.

The petitioner was called, and bore out the opening statement of counsel. He added that he had since given up the Derby

Arms, which was a "sporting" house, amateur and professional boxers being trained there. While Hogan was there he had two fights, one with "Chester" and another with Ben Jordan. He denied that he was ever cruel to his wife. Cross-examined: He was not a violent-tempered man, nor was he in the habit of using bad language. He might have pinched his wife's arm when he took the dress off her after they drove down to Mortlake. He only tore the arm off the dress so that she could not wear it again. He had never struck her in his life. Mr. Barnard intimated that he was not in a position to deny the charge of adultery, but, as to the cruelty, he had one or two witnesses to call. Sir Francis Jeune said that there must be some strong corroboration in a case of this sort. Subsequently Mr. Barnard said that he did not propose to put his client into the witness-box. The jury found for the petitioner, and assessed the damages at £500. Sir Francis Jeune granted a decree nisi, with costs, and custody of the children. Upon application, it was ordered that the damages be paid to the petitioner, who, upon recovery, would pay them into the Registry.

MILITARY CONTESTS AT ALDERSHOT.—A most enthusiastic tournament took place at Aldershot on Monday, under arrangements made by Professor Dale on behalf of Colonel Crosbie and the officers of the 5th Manchester Regiment, now occupying a delightful canvas encampment at Bourley. Better sport or better patronage there could not possibly have been, amongst the officers present being Colonel Crosbie, Major Grant, Captain Crawford, Captain Silverthorne, Captain Dempster, and Captain Madge, Lieutenants Ryney, Cass, Leader, Spooner, Wallis, Whitehead, Clarke, Oakes, and Courtney. Officers of the battalion acted in the capacity of officials. Details:—Six Rounds Contest at 9st: Corporal Rundle (Army Service Corps) beat Corporal Neal (Army Service Corps).—Round 1 was of an even character. Both men are ex-Army champions, and threw no chance away. In the second round Rundle did a deal of the leading, and sent in left and right successfully, but Neal was by no means idle. In the third round Neal proved himself a stayer, and, although he had to take a deal, gave a Roland for an Oliver more than once before time was called. The fourth round was a scientific one, and quite of a give-and-take character, but in the fifth and last rounds some ding-dong work was witnessed. Rundle did best with the left, and found the point repeatedly. Neal was never beaten, though, and gained points and exhibited style that led the referee to decide upon an extra two minutes before the award went to Rundle, who undoubtedly was the better stayer of the two. Four Rounds Contest (9st): Corporal Spokes (Army Service Corps) v. Private Keeland (Manchester Regiment).—The first round was of a hurricane type, and seemed quite impossible to last. Both men were steadied down before time was called, the Manchester lad having a terrible amount of banging to stand. In the second round the A.S.C. man had much the best of the deal, his powerful left being a terror to the lad from Cottonopolis, and at times he was groggy, but before time proved himself no fool at the game. He retired to his corner a "picture," and very groggy, and time indeed came to his relief. Round 3 saw Keeland up again as fresh as a daisy, but his opponent used both right and left with such effect as to almost make him throw up the sponge. In the fourth round Keeland woke up, and fought with real soldier-like pluck and courage, and was able to find his opponent's vulnerable points on more than one occasion. Keeland then forced the work, and should have been accorded the victory, but the referee decided that it was a draw, although opinions differed. Ten Rounds Contest (heavy-weights): Corporal Weedon (Army Service Corps) beat Corporal Vine (Army Service Corps).—The men were well-matched, although Vine, perhaps, had the best of the poundage. He was not in it with Weedon, though, and in the initial round received a blow on the point that caused the claret to rush forth, and staggered and dazed he went round the ring. Weedon allowed his man to steady himself before he went for him again, but he could easily have finished the affair. Vine proved to be a clever boxer, but had met more than his match, and Weedon won in the fourth round. Several exhibition rounds were given by Private Effier (Royal Army Medical Corps), Corporal Saunders (South Wales Borderers), Private Murray (Manchester), Sergeant Lorrey (East Surrey Regiment), and by Private Leahy (South Wales Borderers). The prizes were presented by Captain Crawford, who warmly complimented Professor Dale upon the excellence of the show.

GEORGE BISHOP, OF HEREFORD, writes: "Being unable to get on a match with Owen Moran (Birmingham) or any other lad in the Midlands at 7st 4lb, I wish to announce my retirement from the ring after six years' undefeated record." Bishop, it will be remembered, has fought some of the best lads at his weight in the Midlands, in the old style as well as the new, defeating such men as Ivor Edwards, 34 rounds, knuckles; Bob Bailey, Charley Taylor, Geo. (Ake) Edge; also won Abe Hicken's 7st 4lb champion belt competition.

JACK O'BRIEN CHALLENGES HARRY NEUMIER.

NEWBIGIN, May 13, 1901.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

DEAR SIR.—Seeing that Harry Neumier persists in challenging me when he knows I have an important match on, I beg leave to state that, win or lose with Chrisp on the 20th, I will take Neumier on, and wager £200 to £150 that he does not stay the full twenty rounds, the match to take place two or three weeks after my meeting with Chrisp. Hoping this will suit Mr. Neumier, as nothing less will suit me,—I am, respectfully,

JACK O'BRIEN.

BOXING AT SHEFFIELD.—YOUNG

Butler and T. Downs for £15.—There is no mistaking the fact, but that Tommy Garside, who manages the City Boxing Club, Sheffield, has lately provided his patrons with some capital contests, which have each commanded good support. On Saturday night another good battle, though eventually only a short one, was witnessed by a good and representative company. The first part of the programme comprised several bouts of exhibition boxing, each of three rounds duration, between the cleverest of the habitués of the club, and this was succeeded by Young Butler and T. Downs, who had signed articles to box the best of eight rounds, each of 2min duration, at catch-weight, with 4oz gloves, for £5 a-side and a purse of £5 presented by Tommy Garside. Downs hails from that portion of Sheffield known as Brightside, but both may be termed Sheffielders. There was a great disparity in the size of the two lads, as Downs, who is twenty-two years of age, stands 5ft 4in in height, and scaled 8st 2lb, whilst Butler, who is only eighteen, is 5ft 1in, and weighed only 7st 2lb, or a stone lighter than Downs. This was Downs' first appearance as a glove fighter, whilst Butler has performed several times at this club. Beginning the first round Downs was the first to get to work with the left. A lot of clinching and in-fighting followed, both mixing the business, though Butler showed the most cleverness. The second bout was fought at a great rate, Downs forcing the exchanges, but Butler evaded a lot of Downs' rushes, and showed by far the best ringcraft, and assumed a lead on points. In the third Downs kept rushing in, only to meet Butler's left, the latter scoring well, whilst in the fourth Butler kept jabbing Downs in the face with the left, and following with right-handed swinging blows that had a serious effect on Downs. The fifth round saw Downs a bit groggy, though he boxed with determination. In the sixth Butler paid repeated visitations to Downs' face, and at the close Downs was bleeding profusely from the nose. In the early part of the seventh Butler did the most execution, and twice sent Downs to the floor. The eighth and last round was a rather scrambling one, and though Downs tried hard he had no chance with Butler, who at the close received the verdict on points. Percy Laycock was referee, and Con Cannon time-keeper.

DEATH OF SAMMY LEE, A ONE-TIME PUGILIST AND KING OF THE GIPSIES.—"Sammy" Lee, better known throughout England as the "King of the Gipsies," and a one-time pugilist, died at West Ham Union Infirmary on Tuesday, 14th inst., at the remarkable age of 103 years. He was skilled in fortune-telling, and once when roving in Norfolk in the vicinity of Sandringham is said to have told King Edward's fortune. Lee was admitted to the West Ham Union six months ago. Although very weak and bed-ridden he preserved his faculties until Saturday week, when he became unconscious. The only complaint Lee ever made at the infirmary was that the air of the wards choked him, and he longed to be again roaming through Epping Forest. He was buried at noon on Friday at West Ham Cemetery at the expense of the union. Of the many changes Sammy Lee saw in his long life of 103, none probably were greater than those in the manners and customs of his own race. A gipsy funeral, at which he may have been present, is thus described in the "Oxford Journal," August 5, 1830:—"In the coffin were enclosed a knife, fork, and plate, and five tapers were kept burning on the lid till her interment; after which ceremony the whole of her wardrobe was burnt, and her donkey and dog were slaughtered by her nearest relatives, in conformity to a superstitious custom remaining among her tribe; the whole of the appendages, both living and dead, are destroyed, in order that the defunct may have the benefit of their services in the next world."

CONTESTS AT BIRMINGHAM.—The preliminary bouts of an 8st 6lb competition were last week carried through at Jem Dyer's Birmingham Gymnasium. Details: First Round.—Evans beat Perrins after three hard rounds, while Broadhurst scored over Edmunds after a close struggle. J. King drew the bye, which he sparred with D. Smith. In the semi-final Broadhurst and Evans put up a gruelling battle, the first-named just securing the verdict. King once again secured a bye, and sparred three fast rounds with Jack Bailey. Clever exhibition boxing was shown by the following couples: George Phalin and E. Goodwin, Tom Moran and E. Phillips, and S. Nutt and H. Perrins.

BOXING AT MALTA.

A BOXING ENTERTAINMENT TOOK place at the Royal Clarence Theatre, Malta, on Tuesday, May 7, the chief attraction being a twenty-five rounds contest for the feather-weight championship between P.O. Underdown, H.M.S. Victorious, and A.B. West, Royal Sovereign. A great deal of interest was attached to this match, as when the lads met a few weeks ago West received the verdict at the end of twenty rounds after a very close contest, hence the present match. In addition there were a couple of good shorter bouts, and a good evening's sport was witnessed. Details as follows:—The first pair were H. Danaford and T. Turnbull, both of the Victorious, in a Four Rounds Exhibition Bout. This bout delighted the audience, as both went for all they were worth and came in for plenty of applause. Eight Rounds Contest: A.B. Broadbent, of the Barham, beat A.B. Willcox, Empress of India.—This was a slogging match, but Broadbent was the cleverer of the two, and at the end of the fourth round Willcox gave in. Ten Rounds Contest: Spratley, Victorious, beat Potterden, Vulcan.—This was also a good bout. Spratley set about his man and almost brought him down with a right on the jaw, but Potterden pulled himself together, and had none the worst of some sharp rallies. From here to the end Spratley went ahead on points and at the finish received a well-deserved win. After an interval came the event of the evening, a Twenty-Five Rounds Contest for the Feather-weight Championship of the Mediterranean, between E. Underdown (H.M.S. Victorious) and W. West (H.M.S. Royal Sovereign).—Both lads were in splendid condition, and were well within the weight. Round 1. Both led simultaneously, and then both tried the right without effect. A sharp rally ended the round, with honours' even. On coming together again some smart work was seen, Underdown leading for the face, while West confined his attention to the body. From here to round 10 it was give and take, with neither holding an advantage. Rounds 11 and 12 were fought at a great rate, both trying hard for a knock-out. Round 13. Underdown set about his man in this round, and almost brought him down twice with rights on the side of the head. Rounds 14 and 15. Some clever boxing was seen in these rounds, and just as time was called West landed a hard right full in Underdown's face. Rounds 15 to 20. Some hard fighting took place in these rounds, and both began to show slight signs of wear and tear. From here to the end was a veritable fight, but Underdown was the stronger, and doing plenty of leading, he gained the referee's verdict amidst great cheering.

THE LANSDOWNE ATHLETIC Club's 8st 4lb Novices' Competition.—Last Tuesday evening the members and their friends mustered in strong force at their headquarters, the Bakers' Arms, Warner Place, Hackney Road, the attraction being the 8st 4lb novices' competition, confined to members of the above club. 8st 4lb Competition: H. Coleman beat Harry Abrahams.—This was of short duration, as Abrahams was sent to the boards after boxing a minute, and he at once gave in. Ted Crane beat W. Whitten.—The lads boxed in hurricane fashion. Crane got the right home, and brought Whitten down. Failing to rise within the stipulated time, Crane was declared the winner. Bill Palmer beat Mike Casey.—This was a merry bout while it lasted, and at the end of the second round Casey gave in. F. Phipps sparred a bye with Alf Hundreds. Second series: Ted Crane beat H. Coleman.—In the first round Coleman hurt his left leg and had to retire, leaving Crane the winner. Phipps and Palmer should have met, but Palmer having hurt his arm had to retire, and Phipps sparred a bye with "Dummy" Forest. Final bout: F. Phipps beat Ted Crane.—In the first round Phipps set the pace very warm, landing his left in the stomach. The next round was a slogging one from start to finish, Phipps having the best of it. Crane nearly out. In the last round Phipps again had all the best and won handsomely. Exhibition Boxing: Ted Sanders, sen. v. Ted Sanders, jun.—Little Sanders showed most excellent form, the fight being a capital one. Alf Green v. "Wag" Hampton, Bill Schofield v. Harry Hundreds, Bill Sadler v. Bill Lewis. This should have been a six rounds contest, but was curtailed to an exhibition bout. Bill Eacott v. Bill ("Dummy") Groves.—The grand wind-up was between Harry Benson and Alf Golding. "Ginger" Elliott made an excellent M.C.

STOKER JONES, OF H.M.S. Devastation, seeing there are so many self-styled feather-weight champions in the Mediterranean fleet, would like to meet any of them on the arrival of the ship at Malta, for a substantial purse and side-stake, or will meet anyone in Gibraltar from 8st 12lb to 9st 4lb. Business only meant.

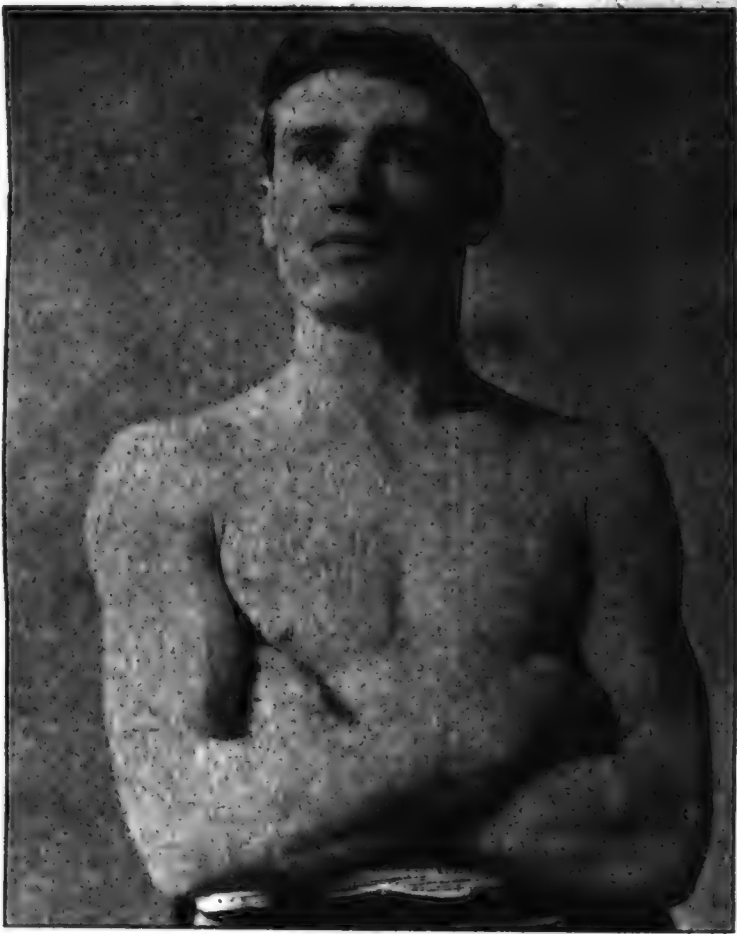
DAN HARRINGTON, OF H.M.S. Arrogant, not being satisfied with his last match with Corporal Fegan, R.A., will box him again if he will come to 11st.

(Continued on page 14.)

Photographs of Prominent Pugilists SUITABLE FOR FRAMING.

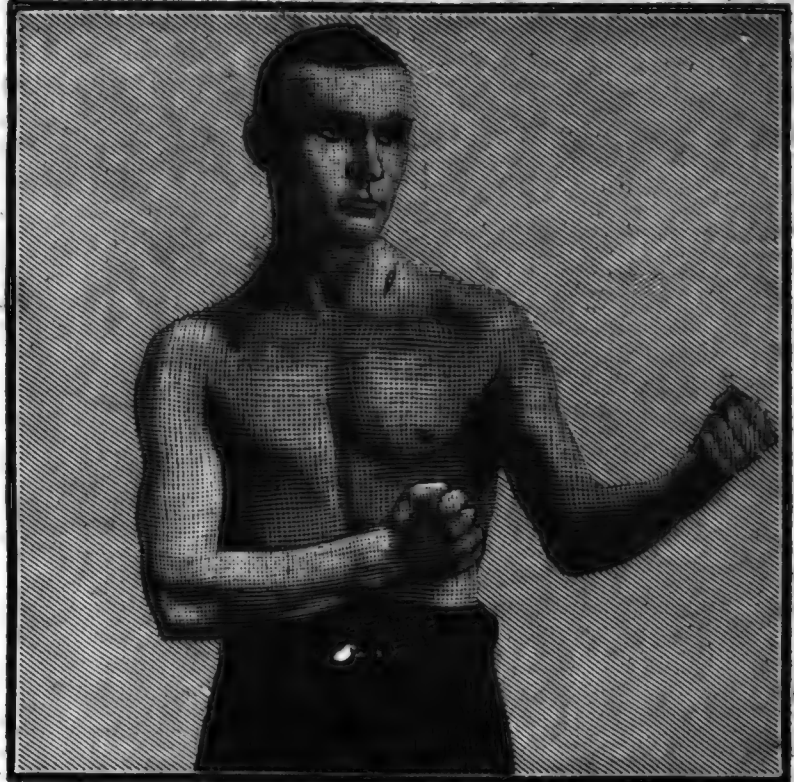
Portraits of Tom Sharkey, J. J. Jeffries, Terry McGovern, Bob Fitzsimmons, Oscar Gardner, "Pedlar" Palmer, Jack O'Brien, Ben Jordan, and Frank Erne. Size 20 by 24, mounted on cardboard. Price SIX SHILLINGS each, carriage paid.

The Mirror of Life Company, Ltd.,
172, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.



JACK O'BRIEN,

Of Philadelphia, who Met George Chrisp at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Monday Evening, May 20.



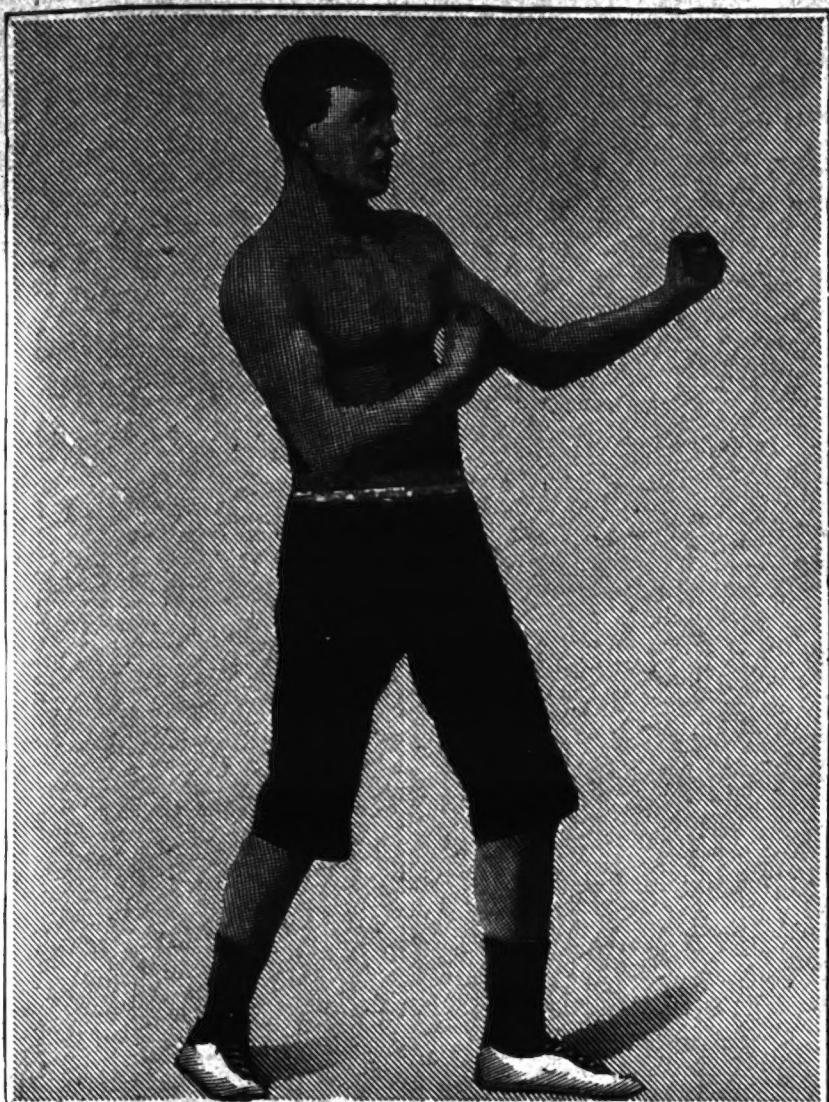
GEORGE CHRISP,

Of Newcastle, who Met "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Monday Evening, May 20.



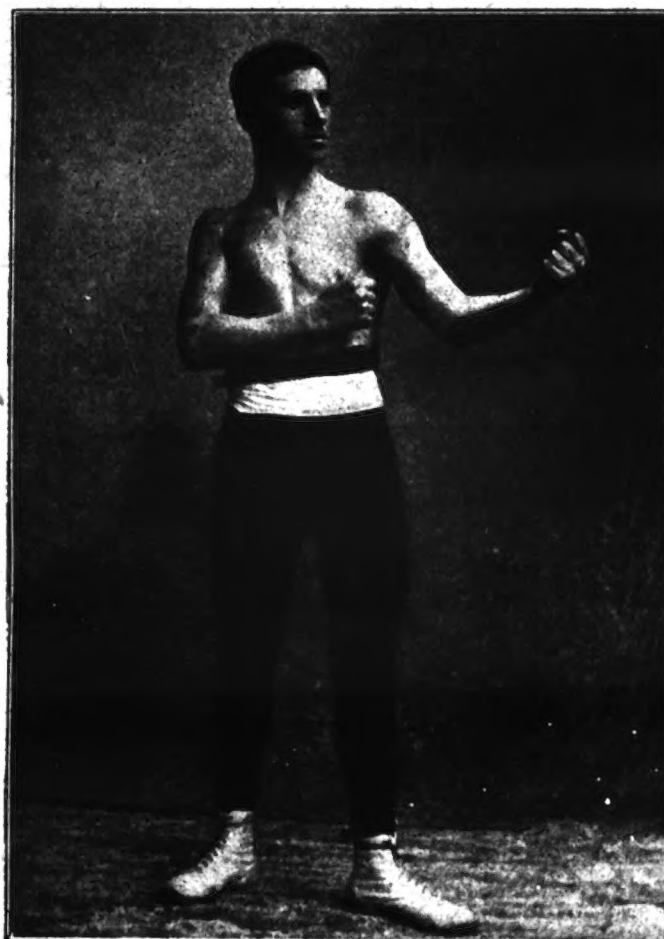
MURDER AND SUICIDE IN ROME.

An Italian Shoots his Sweetheart in a Fit of Jealousy, and Ends his Own Life.



"JEWY" COOKE,

Of Bloomsbury, who Met Harry Neumier at Wonderland on Monday Evening, May 20.



FRANK GESS,

A Very Clever 9st Boxer, who has Taken a Prominent Part in the Various Boxing Shows Now Travelling the Country.



WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF RABBITS IN AUSTRALIA.

A Photograph Taken After a Day's Work Among the Rodents.

(Continued from Page 11.)

CONTESTS AT WONDERLAND.

HARRY NEUMIER DEFEATED BY "Jewey" Cooke on a Foul.—Mr. Harry Wright has every reason to be satisfied with the success of his entertainment at Wonderland on Monday night. He put on a first-class programme, and, what is more, was rewarded with an overflowing house. Although the big event, the ten rounds contest between Harry Neumier and "Jewey" Cooke, ended very unexpectedly, and, let it be added, luckily for Cooke, in a round and a half owing to the American transgressing the rule which provides that a man shall not be hit when on one knee, there were a number of interesting six rounds bouts, in which well-trying lads participated, and which amply compensated. Six Rounds Contests: Tom King (Aldgate) beat Jack Fitzpatrick (Canning Town).—Fitzpatrick stood taller and looked in better condition. A brisk opening favoured Fitz, but King, getting to half-arm work in the second round, soon got on terms. Fitz landed on the jaw in the third meeting, and almost had King out. The latter managed to hang on, and, benefited by the rest, he put in a deal of effective two-handed punching at the fourth meeting. When the fifth stage was entered upon the verdict was still on the balance. A good finish resulted in a win for King. Nat Smith (Paddington) beat Bob Russell (Limehouse).—Two featherweights. The first two rounds were unsatisfactory, chiefly owing to Russell's boring and holding tactics. Twice the referee issued a warning. There was some improvement in the third meeting, but again the Limehouse lad's tactics were objectionable. The old amateur champion scored in some straight left-handed leading in the fourth and fifth bouts, and gained a very popular victory at the expiration of the full distance. Alf Paine (Mile End) beat Johnny Thomas (Leather-lane).—Paine was more aggressive at the outset. He did a deal of rushing, and Thomas was not seen to his customary advantage. At the third and fourth meetings the Leather-lane lad steadied his opponent with right hooks on the face. Still, the Mile-ender pegged away in most persistent fashion. Well fought to the end, Paine received the decision. Bill Strelake (Clerkenwell) beat Bert Adams (Spitalfields).—Adams was taller and heavier. Directly the gong sounded, Stonelake, who was not nearly so fit as the Jew, went in to fight. Adams was forced all over the ring. The same tactics in the second round, Adams failing to keep his opponent out. The Spitalfields youth rallied in the third meeting, when the Clerkenwell lad appeared to be almost beaten by his ineffectual attempts to bring about a summary ending. Hard and fast they went at it for the next two rounds, Adams's condition standing him in good stead. Both were very tired when they stood up for the last time. Stonelake well deserved the verdict, although a portion of the company thought otherwise. Harry Chamberlain (Bow) beat Patsey Haley (Deptford).—As usual, the Bow lad gave a clever exhibition. He was always doing a deal of the leading, and often avoided the return. A better-class boxer, Chamberlain, who was generally outpointing his man, won easily at the end of the sixth round. George Cunningham (Shoreditch) beat Tom Ireland (Mile End).—Old warriors. Cunningham forced the exchanges the first time, and, keeping up the pace, he tumbled Ireland over twice in the second. The third saw the Shoreditch lad keeping a strong lead. George continued to ladle out most punishment, Ireland succumbing in the fifth round. Ten Rounds Contest: "Jewey" Cooke (Blossbury) beat Harry Neumier (St. George's).—This was the event of the evening. The lads were matched to box ten two-minute rounds for a side stake and a purse. The natural advantages were all on the side of Neumier, who was a head taller and fully 2st heavier. The seconds for Cooke were Joe Jacobs, Young Solly, and Patsey Griffiths, while Neumier was attended by Jack Scales, Ben Chataway, Bill Natty, and Bill Day. Alf Bowman and Harry Cooper officiated as judges, and Fred Hollingsworth as referee. In the first round Cooke did a little light leading and clinching, the referee ordering both to break clean. Early in the second Neumier swung heavily on the face, staggering Cooke. The latter, quickly recovering, cored in, but receiving a light half-arm punch went to the boards. He was on one knee when Neumier struck him on the face—a light, left swing. Immediately Cooke claimed a foul, and was supported by all his seconds, who jumped into the ring. For some minutes considerable excitement and clamour prevailed, a section of the spectators shouting for the contest to go on. The referee, however, abiding by the rule, awarded the fight to Cooke on the foul, a right and proper verdict.

BOXING AT WONDERLAND —SATURDAY.

LAST SATURDAY JOE SMITH staged another of his fistic carnivals at the East-end boxing resort in Whitechapel Road in the presence of a large body of local sportsmen. The majority of these only live for sport, and are to be seen on race-courses and running grounds and wherever sport in the shape of boxing, wrestling, billiards, dog shows, swimming, or any other athletic exhibitions are to be found. Round the ring were many who spoke of the days of old when boxing was boxing, and they could witness the noble art in all its glory for a few coppers, and when champions at the game would spar for what they could get. On speaking to one old-timer the latter spoke of the difference between the old days and the present time, the ancient one mentioning that he saw the majority of the fights that took place under the arches in Ratcliff and Wapping. Things were different in those days, when boxers knew how to hit, stop, and get away, and all the side hitting that scrappers take no notice of to-day. Among the spectators was the hero of numerous fights (Curley, of Hackney) selling books to many people who knew him a decade ago. If his time has gone he still likes to see others battle for fame and money within the magic circle, and delights to think of the day when he wooed and won Dame Fortune. Taking it all round the boxing was pretty good, those who lacked the necessary cleverness making up for it by determination, and the spectators were highly amused at the antics of the competitors in the competition. How in the name of goodness the verdict in the battle between Green and Phipps was arrived at passed the comprehension of our representative as Phipps won, he thought, with a lot to spare. An extra round was ordered, and though Phipps more than held his own, the decision went the other way. This was enough to make the representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE resign his position as judge, while the office of referee in the contest between Chamberlain and Ireland was anything but a sinecure. Ireland displayed very crafty tactics, talking and smiling all the time, while Chamberlain was not in the rear when the award went forth—adraw. The officials were: referee, Harry Cooper; judges, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, Harry Jacobs, and Charley Ellis; timekeeper, Gershon, Harris; M.C., George Harris. Six Rounds Contest: Fred Read (Southwark) beat J. Christian (Poplar).—Interest in the proceedings was manifest directly time was called, the men being cheered as they took up their positions for the encounter. After a few exchanges, Read swung the left on the side of the head and down went his man. Up like a shot Christian joined in a rally, and Read hooked his right on the point. Again Christian went down, and as he had no earthly chance the contest was stopped in favour of Read. Six Rounds Contest: Joe Barrett (Clerkenwell) beat Alf Payne (Mile End).—This was putting a Derby winner against a cart-horse with a vengeance, and Barrett simply played with his rival, and with a right jab sent him down below. It was a case of science against strength, and during the second meeting Payne's second, Ted Ware, threw up the sponge. He was perfectly in order, and if seconds would only use their powers properly, when the men want to retire or not, many accidents would be avoided. Six Rounds Contest: "Ginger" Owen (Bermondsey) beat Tom Hands (Vauxhall).—From beginning to end these bantams put up a good fight, each in turn showing to advantage, there being hardly anything in it when the award was as above. Six Rounds Contest: George McCarthy (Spitalfields) beat Frank Exall (Bermondsey).—A repetition of the last-mentioned bout, and again there was nothing in it, when the local lad was returned the winner. Special Six Rounds Contest: Harry Chamberlain (Bow) and Tom Ireland (Mile End). This was the tit-bit of the evening, and immediately they entered the arena the cheers of their partisans were heard all over the show. The friends of the boxers forgot that they only worried their man by shouting, and while they were at it they were told what to do. "Do this, Harry; do the other, Tom," could be heard above the noise, and yet all that was done was a lot of holding. Ireland was chiefly to blame, but he simply wanted an opportunity to get the right home. This Chamberlain would not give, and the opening round was little better

than a scramble. They went better as they reached the end of the journey, and in the fifth round Harry sent Ireland to the boards with a right jab. Tom took the count and played possum till time was called. The final meeting was a shade better than the others, and at the close the referee, wise man, declared it a draw. 8st Novices' Competition: Fred Phipps (Bermondsey) beat Sam Kirby (Deptford).—That they were novices was certain as soon as they started the business, and their hands went about like windmills. Phipps shut his eyes when he struck his opponent and seemed all at sea. As he went on, however, he proved to be the better boxer, but at the close the judges disagreed, and the presiding official rightly declared in favour of Phipps. Alf Green (Spitalfields) beat Charlie Brooks (Bethnal Green). This proved a fight without any thought of defence until nearly the end of the first meeting, when the bout was stopped in favour of Green. Joe Izzard (Mile End) beat "Darkey" Barrett (Clerkenwell).—This was the last named lad's first appearance within the magic circle, and he seemed to be suffering from stage fright. Izzard took a long lead in the first two rounds, but acting on the advice of brother Joe, Barrett literally piled on the agony during the final round. It was too late, and when the judges disagreed the award was rightfully given to Izzard. Fred White (Stepney) beat Arthur Simms (Poplar).—Their hands were here, there, and everywhere from the moment they stood up, and it became a case of who could last the longest. They went on until the second meeting, and blood began to gently stream from Simms's mouth, his seconds gave in for him. Second series: Green v. Phipps. —A hard fight, Green forcing the exchanges, but Phipps did all the scoring, frequently getting one for nothing. The judges disagreed, and another round was ordered, when, though Phipps did best, the award went the other way. The decision was not popular, and our representative refused to act any more. Izzard beat White. This was almost the hardest fight of the night, the last named looking all over a winner until the last round, when, with a solar plexus blow, Izzard put his rival out of court. Final: Green beat Izzard. —A slashing contest, both swinging their hands about, and after being sent down three times Izzard was counted out. The wants of the competitors were seen to by "Patsy" Griffiths, Albert Dixon, Bill Day, Ted Ware, and Joe Barrett.

8st NOVICES' COMPETITION AT WONDERLAND.

HARRY WRIGHT IS OFFERING A massive cup, 44in high and 24in wide for a 8st novices' competition to take place at Wonderland. Entries can be sent to Harry Wright, Wonderland, and the runner-up receives a hall-marked gold keyless watch, value £5, and no less than £15 is divided between losers and reserve men. The cup is on view at Wonderland, and can be seen at any time.

WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF RABBITS IN AUSTRALIA.

A Photograph taken after a Day's Work among the Rodents.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE introduction of the rabbit into Australia, instead of being a blessing, has proved a curse to the farmer, the country being overrun with the rodents. Many means have been devised to destroy or decrease their numbers, but in vain; and although thousands are slain daily they multiply so quickly that where one is dead two seem to spring in its place. Our illustration shows the dead rabbits in thousands, who have been slaughtered after being driven in a corral by men armed with clubs.

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(ADVT.)



THE PROGRAMME AT THE Aquarium includes the famous Dunedin Troupe of Bicyclists.

FORBES ROBERTSON WILL PRODUCE "The Sacrament of Judas" at the Comedy Theatre to-night (Wednesday).

"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY" continues to draw crowds to the Globe. The play reaches its 250th performance to-morrow.

SOME CAPITAL ANIMATED PICTURES (including football, &c.) are being shown at the new South London.

MISS HARRIETT VERNON'S SONG "The Duchess of Devonshire," is going great at the Royal.

GEORGE LEYTON, WITH SONG, "Back From the War," George Robey, and Joe Elvin and Company in "Paying the Bill" are at the London this week.

R.A. ROBERTS, THE CLEVER QUICK-change artist, has migrated to Collins's, where his turn is warmly appreciated.

MORE THAN ONE ACTRESS CON-templates appearing in the character of Becky Sharpe.

AT THE PARAGON TO-MORROW (Thursday) evening the sixteenth anniversary will be celebrated.

GEORGE GROSSMITH MADE HIS first appearance upon the variety stage on Monday last at the Palace Theatre.

"ENGLAND INVADIED" IS THE sketch attraction at the Queen's, Poplar. It is well played by Frederick G. Brooke and Co., and is replete with thrilling situations. There is, as usual, a strong variety company. Mr. Fred Harris has a capital programme for the holidays, topped by Paul Martinetti and Co. in a pantomimic sketch.

AT THE OXFORD MISS BESSIE Bonehill proves a popular and diverting turn. Dan Leno finishes here this week. Harry Randall is warbling some droll ditties, and Miss Lydia Yemans is extremely happy with the time-honoured song, "Sally in Our Alley," which she sings very sweetly; so much so that it is with difficulty that she leaves the stage, so persistent are the audience in asking for more. There are many other first-class turns in the programme.

AT THE ALHAMBRA ON MONDAY last the comical Marco Twins presented for the first time an original absurdity entitled, "The Brigand." This addition to the already strong programme should make the Alhambra doubly attractive. La Belle Tortajada, the beautiful Spanish singer and dancer, who has made such an enormous success here in an operetta in three scenes, was born in Granada, she studied singing under Serra in Barcelona, and dancing with Arriaza in Seville. Signor Tortajada, her husband, who composes all her songs, is a pianist and composer of repute.

AN UNUSUALLY STRONG WHIT-sunside programme has been prepared by Mr. Ritchie, and will be run at the Royal Aquarium Bank Holiday and during the holidays. No expense has been spared in obtaining leading star artists for the varieties in the world's great show on the central stage at 2 and 7. The early varieties are timed to commence at 10 a.m., and the general performances will not terminate till close on midnight. Visitors to London should not at any time miss seeing the Aquarium sights; there is always plenty to attract, and a long and interesting programme with turns not to be seen elsewhere.

THE LYCEUM WAS PACKED ON Wednesday last with a delighted and enthusiastic audience, to see Irving in "Waterloo" and "The Bells." A sweet, clever, refreshing, and altogether charming play is "Waterloo," and perfectly acted. Much, of course, is expected of Irving, but his creation of Corporal Brewster, aged eighty-six, is a marvellous piece of character acting, which gained him very many calls at the close. "The Bells," of course, is a better known play and never fails to draw large crowds. Both plays were keenly followed, and rapturous applause was bestowed upon each. The two plays form the programme to-night (Wednesday).

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[ADVT.]

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Two or three bottles will cure those ugly pimples on the face.

Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.

One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.

Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.

Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.

Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.

Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.

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Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.

One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.

Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humours.

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